

IN MEMORIAM

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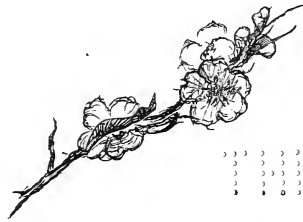


IN
MEMORIAM

SARAH LORING MCKAYE WARNER

Born Oct. 19, 1840

Died Dec. 3, 1876



NEW YORK

1879

NEW-YORK

1879

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L. T. WARNER
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Press of
FRANCIS HART & Co.

TO

Mary and Louise Warner,

WHOM SHE CHERISHED

WITH THE

TENDER LOVE AND DEVOTION

OF A

True Mother,

AND TO

THE MANY WHO KNEW AND LOVED HER,

THESE PAGES,

Tributary to the Dear Memory,

ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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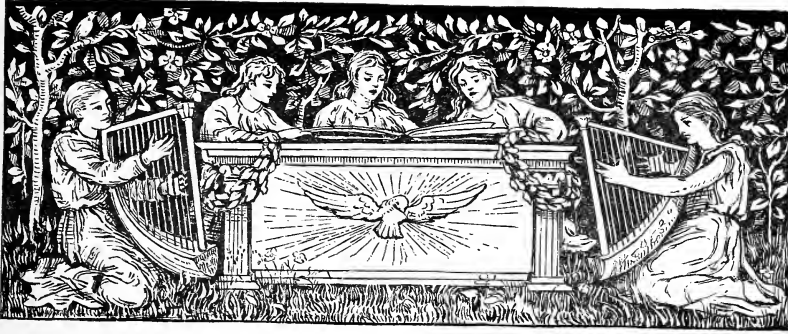
PART I.



TRIBUTES
OF
HER FRIENDS







I.

CREATURE of boundless desire that grew never to intent,
The symbol-soul of her wide, long-hidden continent,
Trackless, unbuilt, unknown, before the discoverers sent !

Can we sing over this grave, or fitting monument build
To her of the glories greater for the glories unfulfilled ;
Vintage that man quaffed never, by the bursting wine-casks
spilled ?

For the swift world knows but fruition, cares only for the deed ;
Reaps harvest, exults in flowers, crushes all beauty of weed :
But the bosom of earth takes all, and is mother to every seed.

And the lowland soil is wrought in the depths of lonely hills,
Where the lightnings rive and rend, and the rain-clouds work
their wills,

Which, when ages many are past, the simple husbandman tills.

And souls prophetic there are whose home is the formless
heights,

Where the rock not yet is soil, and song-bird rarely alights,
And no life-pulses throb 'mid the awe of the voiceless nights.

And with such too quick is the growth, for flight, of the
soaring wings,

And the labouring vision too deep for the fainting heart that
sings,

And all too tender the fibre when the touch of the rash world
stings.



II.

EASY to write your poems, friend,
Easy to build your song,
Or, painter, your forms and colours blend,
Pick your way art's pitfalls among.

Easy deliverance for you and swift,
 And the fee and the crown and the meed,
 If the vision be not too much uplift
 For the inward growth to be freed.

But when eyes must seek the stars too oft,
 And the feet must spurn the ground,
 And the brooding on fate makes heart too soft,
 And the caged life chafes at the bound ;

And the tentacle-thoughts too much vibrate
 With the stress of all things that be ;
 Pierce through Nature's web to the Increate,
 Which only Archangels can see !

What wonder, when all grew gray, and paled
 By the light of such soul's wild fire,
 That the song became sob, and the woman-hands failed,
 Heaped only her funeral pyre !

But, methinks, when the great account is made,
 And the race of the world is run,
 And the souls and the works are judged and weighed,
 What lost declared, what won :

That higher will rank the lives of those
 Who broke of a too large hope
 Of a lore earth's book shall never disclose,
 Took the universe in their scope ;

Than of such whose Patience, glorified, cold,
 Turned their Passion to use, though vast,
 Who delved in their mine, and tilled their mould
 Nor the gaze too forward cast.



III.

THAT which we saw, and knew, and touched and heard,
 Was semblance only of things unrevealed;
 For that soul's unborn core was still concealed,
 And never found earth power of quickening word
 Wherewith the spheres pre-natal might be stirred
 The hoarded life beyond the life to yield,
 That hands might work, and vision be unsealed,
 Nor dwell with memory's graves and hopes deferred.
 Great, fitful being, undeciphered scroll!
 Casket, filled full with gems, without a key!
 Ship compassless upon uncharted sea,
 By day no sun, by night an unstarred pole.
 Well is it with thee; well, that thou art fled,
 Made whole in Heaven, free among the dead!

ALFRED H. LOUIS.



A SENSE of life effacing death ;
A sense of spreading wings ;
Of larger gaze and fuller breath,
At thought of her upsprings !

The enthusiastic heart—the glow
Of warm and willing love—
What bright expansion must it know
In the new ways above !

The soul that owned all music's thrill,
The rapture or the pain,
What marvelous delight must fill
As flows the angelic strain !

The quick bright mind, that knew to prize
Truth's freshest, freest word,—
What mystic wisdom of the skies
Its unsealed ears have heard !

O Life, O Love, O Beauty's thrill,
O Truth that maketh free,
Our souls with clearer faith ye fill
In Immortality !

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

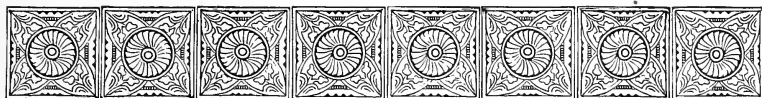


“**M**AKE me a summer song, for music meet,
And you shall hear it when you come again.
Let it be full of life
And sunshine and of flowers.

“Thus should it run,”—she smiling spoke, and then
Struck the white keys and played a joyful tune:
’T was winter, but I thought
The birds began to sing.

I waited till the buds should bloom once more,
For then, I said, my song were better tuned—
Catching a sound of mirth
From the awakening world.

O friend,—dear friend! The winter has gone by
But still thy poet’s song will not be glad
While the bright flowers of June
Blossom above thy grave.
RICHARD WATSON GILDER.



THE last dumb farewell of her wasted face
Was one of smiles, as though to pardon me
The lightest fault to friendship's loyalty
That in my heart might leave a poignant trace.

And something of that presence in that place
Will never cease to linger smilingly ;
My footsteps have a faithful memory,
And when by night before her house I pace,

The vivid welcoming voice again I hear,
And feel again the greeting of her hand,
And fain would enter—sudden I pause, I stand

Without and weep, and ask in vain what strand
Of deep and trackless space she treads, so near
Our side but yesterday, and still so dear !

TITUS MUNSON COAN.



I CAME a stranger to this shore,
My heart was filled with deep regret,
My eye would seek the friends of yore,
My ear would catch each sound that set
The thoughts of distant, happy days
Astir, and soothed my mind's desire ;
In clouded skies the feeblest rays
Suggest the unseen, hidden fire.

With yearnings that past years awake,
These beams I watched with eager gaze,
And hoped to see some glory break
And lighten all the unknown ways.
Can out of my dear country be
A home as blessed, as safe, as sweet ?
Can, with such ready sympathy,
A new friend, like the old ones greet ?

This, often and in vain, I asked,
 Ere I, dear Saidie, knew thy name,
 And in thy friendship's sunshine basked ;
 Through thee the gentle answer came.
 In accents different from mine

Thou spok'st the language all know best,
 And from thy beaming eyes did shine
 A joyous mind, a heart which blest.

I looked at thee with keen delight,
 I wondered at thy brilliance rare ;
 Fair seemed the land where life as bright
 As this could spring to upper air.
 With interest new I gazed around,
 I sought the germs of growth to see,
 To trace the hidden rills, that wound
 Through channels deep, their way to thee.

Thou mad'st me love thy own dear home,
 Thou mad'st me share thy happy mood,
 From thee did many pleasures come
 Refreshing like a fountain's flood ;
 I think of many hours we spent
 Together, as of gifts divine :
 When spirits earthly bonds have rent,
 They meet as then did mine and thine.

Sweet memory of these hours gone by !
 I still to thee with pleasure cling,

And to my spirit-friend I fly,
 And to her blessed presence sing
 My love, my gratitude, my sorrow,
 Her praise—my faithful friendship's due—
 And from her being treasure borrow,
 And find there many a mystery's clue.

Why hast thou too the lesson learned
 To weep, and bow to earthly grief,
 Before thy noble courage earned
 The palm of peaceful death? So brief
 Thy life, which such rich promise gave!
 So great thy pain, whose mercy flowed
 With bounty forth,—whose heart so brave
 On other sufferers help bestowed!

Alas! the questions life involves,
 No voice—but life's experience solves!

ANNIE L. MEYER.





HAVING been requested to add my recollections of Mrs. Sarah Loring Warner to those of her other friends, I attempt the sad task with some apprehension. That which most interested us in our departed friend was that which is indescribable. It is something we love to think of and remember, but which cannot be put into words.

I first met Mrs. Warner at Mount Desert, which she visited in the company of Mr. and Mrs. B. in the summer of 1870. People there become soon acquainted with each other, meeting frequently in parties by land and sea, excursions to the headlands and lakes, or ascents of the mountains. The first day of our meeting I was asked to join a party in a sail-boat; and, in the course of a few hours' sail, saw enough of the brightness and the charm of Mrs. Warner's mind to wish to continue and increase our acquaintance. In a short time we became good friends. As I was so much older than herself,

and as she had known about me for some years, she did not hesitate to speak to me with frankness of what most interested her; and when we parted, after a few days, I felt that I had gained a valuable friend.

As her home was in New-York, and mine in Boston, our opportunities for intercourse were not frequent. But whenever we met, we came to each other as loyal and true friends; and, notwithstanding the difference of age, there was perfect ease and freedom in the relation. We talked easily and familiarly on a great variety of themes; she made me acquainted with many of her most intimate friends; and when I visited New-York, she took me to various literary and social reunions, and we wandered together through picture-galleries, libraries, book-stores, and wherever we went, her gay glad talk, her strong outflowing sympathy, her generous interest in men and things, her ardent love for truth, and her instinct for the beautiful in art and nature, made her a delightful companion.

If I am to attempt to describe her character, the first element which emerges in my memory is her great talent for friendship. I think I have never known but one person in whom this attribute was more prominent. Her loyalty to her friends was absolute, though not without discrimination. She gave herself fully and entirely to each of her friends, ready to sympathize with them and serve them in every possible way—but she valued each for his own special quality. Though some of her friends, of course, were nearer to her and more intimate than others, she never sacrificed one to another. She would stand up loyally to her nearest friend, in defence of the one for

whom she cared the least—risking even to offend the one whom she valued most highly rather than not have full justice done to the one who was much less dear to her. This magnanimous trait all will remember.

Her friends were both men and women,—married and unmarried men and women,—and about as many of the one as of the other. In her relations to men there was a frank *camaraderie*, to which the difference of sex no doubt added a latent charm; but which was so open, so free from any attempt to attract special interest, and marked with such an undisguised impartiality as to be a full security from any false relation or misunderstanding. Truth and honor spoke from her eye, and no one ever could misapprehend that pure meaning. Thus all her friends became each other's friends—and there was never a circle into which fewer jealousies entered. As I was somewhat of an outsider, and entered this pleasant circle only at long intervals, I was perhaps more struck with this gracious peculiarity than the more constant *habitués* of Mrs. Warner's parlors.

The women who loved Mrs. Warner loved her very warmly and devotedly; and if I might mention their names, it would illustrate how various were her own tastes and how large her appreciation of a variety of excellence.

This breadth of appreciation was, in truth, a very striking quality in our friend. Nothing good or true easily escaped her penetrating sympathy. She could not be confined to the limits of any clique or school in art or literature, in society or the church. Radical in many of her thoughts, she disliked

narrow radicalism more than any other narrowness; perhaps because the conceited and bigoted radical injured most the cause which was precious to her. Though I myself appeared to her to be too conservative in my theology, I think there was nothing genuine in the stiffest orthodoxy which she could not appreciate. Narrow and conceited orthodoxy, narrow and conceited radicalism, were equally distasteful to her. But whatever honestly and earnestly sought to help men, or brought the soul near to God, had a share in her generous sympathies. Her mind was as clear and acute as it was broad. Its comprehensive tendency did not prevent a very penetrating insight into actual details. That very active imagination seldom clouded her pure intuition. Nor did her warm sympathies prevent her from seeing the defects and errors of those she loved. Her friends valued especially her sincere criticisms on their own mistakes. Her warm and tender heart was joined with a courageous fidelity to truth, which was incapable of flattery or concealment.

If I seem to be praising Mrs. Warner too highly, let it be remembered that I am speaking rather of capacities than of fulfillments. Her mind, when she was taken from us, was yet comparatively undeveloped, but she certainly was capable of great things, had length of years favored the full development of her being.

Perhaps a few extracts from her letters would indicate, at least, the aspirations of her soul. I will, therefore, copy here some passages, taken at random from those addressed to myself during the few years of our acquaintance.

Her strong tenderness for the suffering, illustrated by many acts of her life to the most forlorn, is shown in the following extract :

“It is Sunday morning. I am alone in the great house, feeling as if I were but beginning life, and as yet entirely useless ; yet with a hunger to reach the bruised and lonely of the earth and give them some drops from the water of life. Oh, my friend, this faith in the Highest, what should we do without it? I do not care what name you give it: call it Christianity or any other name. But how blessed the trust that over all and through all is the Supreme Love, immutably working out its own ends, and sure to be triumphant, and that the divine justice of this love will surely some time yield its blessed compensations to the miserable of the earth ; the forsaken wanderers of the streets, the poor of the factories and mines, who have no girlhood nor boyhood—the suffering everywhere ! I do not care about the historical Christ as you do, but among the many grand revelations of the Divine Being which have come to us through the martyred and lonely ones, who have been missionaries of the spirit to man, none has brought such blessed consolation as the Christian revelation. And the fact that this sweet gospel of love was sent, not through kings or high priests, but through an humble man of the people, has a significance which I think is yet ignored by the Christians of to-day. If the recognition of Universal Brotherhood were general, what a grand reign of nobler laws and sweeter manners would be ushered in !”

“Christianity must mean that there is an omnipotent love around all our weakness ; that, staggering under temptation, faint or maddened with unsatisfied heart-burnings ; hungry for bread for the body and the soul ; blinded with the vastness of life’s possibilities ; baffled with the consciousness of life’s limitations ; aspiring or stumbling, strong or weak ; we are yet, through all experiences, upheld by an Infinite Fatherhood !”

“Life is a strange pathetic enigma. Only I do know this, that as certainly as the leaves turn longingly to the sun, so does my soul turn to the

Infinite Goodness and Beauty. At times the aspiration I feel to make my life in harmony with the Infinite Beauty and Order carries me far up into regions where yet I do not always meet my God; for at times I seem left alone in the cold immeasurable distance. Yet if we do not reach the fulfillment in which to rest, it is blessed to cherish a noble ideal, and God credits us with any noble longing."

"HASTINGS, December 16th.

"I am in love with the landscape here, as winter draws it. For this season gives a daring grace to outline, though her palette is not as rich in tints as that of summer. Last evening a gold and crimson sunset gleamed on a superb untrameled breadth of background. The intervening net-work of the winter woods had boldness and delicacy too in their gray color and myriad curves. The nearer belt of dark cedars, in whose depths lay patches of shining snow, gave a touch of noble vigor to a scene that had a wild and penetrating charm all its own. Later, only a moment later, when tints were melting into simple atmosphere, the moon appeared above the low hills, looking wan from her climb, and delicately pale from her contrast with the luminous depths of the wild western sky."

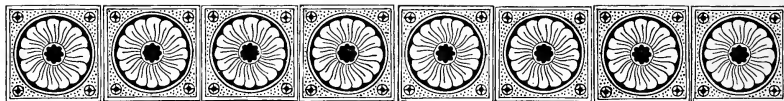
All of her letters are full of allusions to her friends. They were her wealth, and they returned her love with a warm devotion. I know many women who considered their intimacy with Mrs. Warner one of the choicest treasures of their life. They had never before, I suppose, found such large ready sympathy, and one who so took them up into her own ready joy in the common things which lie around us. Most persons are oppressed by the monotonous cares of life, and are grateful to one who can, by some imaginative or poetic power, throw a charm around the simple incidents of the passing hour. Such enthusiasm may deceive, and prepare

disappointments. But the joyous temperament of Mrs. Warner was like that of a child, satisfied with the simplest pleasures. She had no social ambitions; no desire to shine. There was not in her character any worldliness. She might have the faults of a child—too much impetuosity, too little caution; but she had the openness of soul, the direct truthfulness, which charm us in all child-like natures. And in the romantic glow which such an enthusiastic soul throws over every hour; surely—

“Lies the dear charm of life’s delusive dream,
Which cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem.”

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.





I AM to speak here, specially, of Mrs. Warner's gifts and powers in music; and it is possible to do so in a volume intended only for the eyes of the friends who knew and loved her well,—possible and delightful.

But the responsibility is great of discussing exactly that region of her faculties, that side of her being, in which she was most distinctively herself, while it was, at the same time, the side which, by a sort of fatality of self-suppression,—a sacred modesty, foe to her genius,—she seemed ever to shrink from recognizing to herself in all its force of talent, and the display of which, to all except a privileged few, seemed always to be a sort of torture to her. Very soon after I had the privilege accorded to myself of having the proofs of her exquisite and profound genius in music laid before me, this paradox of splendid faculty, highest aspiration, passionate love for an art, co-existing with a fixed unwillingness to do all practical justice to the genius that was there, was forced upon my attention. And often thereafter did I make it the subject to her of remonstrances; not so much on her own

behalf—for never could I dream it possible to touch any motive of ambition in her utterly unselfish nature, as for the sake of the great art itself, which was her chief spiritual passion, and whose annals always seemed to me open to her to enrich with what they have not yet possessed, the name and works of a truly great woman composer.

Death, after all, is the only event in the history of any life which can throw decisive light upon the problems of character. This unexampled union of genius with self-abnegation, self-suppression, alien to the characteristics of genius, filled usually with a creative force that must find its vent through all obstacles,—this union is made intelligible, and could only have been made so by the fact that her life was destined never to reach the fullness of years. Great as was the light of music in her being, it was a light that was not fated to shine in the eyes of the world. For the world she remains only one of those inheritors of unfulfilled renown of whom Shelley speaks.

But the renown never inherited would in her case, had circumstance and character permitted, have been, indeed, exceptionally great, had it been given to her to realize in rounded perfection and largeness of production the great gift that was there. Upon this point there is no possibility of mistake; scanty as were the means she gave for judgment, few as were the completed efforts of her genius, these have left no room to doubt that it was of the highest. Her songs, her short but substantial and profound pieces written for the piano, but above all her improvisations on the instrument,—

when she would throw off in swift succession subjects and motives fit to be the base and material of the greatest works,—all these proved her to belong, as no woman yet has belonged, to that so limited order of higher beings who stand on the highest level as creators in the art. To these improvisations, fragmentary, fitful, stammerings as of some giant whose tongue was tied by destiny, I would sometimes listen with an indescribable mixture of pain and admiration, culminating in a sort of stupefaction, that elements of such wonderful promise should be kept in the state of embryo and promise only ; of wonder that the mind and heart of another Beethoven, another Schumann, could have been wrought by lavish Nature, who had, yet, forgotten to endow their possessor with the motive force, or force of motive, that might have been supposed inseparable from such grandeur of ideas, and the presence of which would have made of her the acknowledged, the world-famous, the world-enriching, much-producing, composer. *Dis aliter visum.*

I suppose that there can be few of the friends for whose eyes these lines are written who are so little aware of the real quality and depth of the music with which her soul was constantly haunted, but which it was not given to her hand to produce in completion, as to suppose that I am using the language of exaggeration when I characterize her thinkings in music by reference to such names as Beethoven and Schumann. Not because I have any fear of this, but because I would fain invoke some other and weightier testimony than my own, I allow myself to mention the deeply interesting

incident of my taking to her one evening, which I shall never forget, one of the most accomplished of men and eminent of living musicians, whom America is so fortunate as to reckon among its residents at present. It was with great difficulty that I could induce her to show and play to this eminent person her musical manuscripts. The appreciation which seems a necessity to those who have a gift of any kind, seemed ever to be a thing from which she shrank, as though it were in the nature of injury, rather than benefit or help to her; so difficult was it for her to believe that she had more than keen aspiration and a mere modicum of talent; to realize the beauty and wealth and fullness of her dowry of inspiration. But she overcame her reluctance in fine; and the distinguished musician whom I brought with me was, of course, as fully impressed as I expected, nay knew, he would be with the quality and power of her genius. So much so, indeed, that before he left, he lifted her hand to his lips with reverent homage and said to her: "Madam, I know every note of music that has hitherto been published by every woman who has published anything; and, if I may judge by comparison with those publications, you are the first woman yet born who can, if you will it, become a truly great composer."

My own conviction is that she could not *will* this because of the exceptional greatness and nobility of her total structure of mind and character. There is a sense in which genius may be almost too great for the talents necessary to do the works of genius. Admiration for the great things heretofore done in an art, a persistent prostration of the spirit before

the ideal possibilities of an art,—these are habits of the soul which may cause the executive and developing power to disappear nearly altogether in the flame of sacrifice. This was, I truly believe, really the case with our much-loved friend. She was not so happy as to be endowed with that self-assertion, that necessary egotism, which are the animating principles of the productive artist. She was too deeply filled with the sentiment of the religion of music, of its infinite possibilities of exalting and delighting mankind, to acquire that habit of production which would have involved the persistent assertion of her own claim to be more than an ardent votary in the inner shrine of the art. Those who read intelligently her own short but lovely story, the “Journal of a Poor Musician,” will see in it the key to this strange, beautiful, sad, but dominant fact of her being. I know of no work in the literature of romance based on music, brief and slight as this story is, which so strikingly exhibits the soul of a musician in an attitude of utter, reverential subjection to the spirit of his art. In this exquisite little story the fervid enthusiasm, being deeply real and sincere and reverent in the truest sense, knows how to express itself in that graceful and chastened style which is one of the best evidences, and one of the blessed privileges, of the complete sincerity of the eye whose light is single for the art discussed, and turns never inward for admiration of self.

At the same time it should be noted that this exceptional success in depicting, in the form of a miniature autobiographic novel, the attitude of the mind towards music, and its effect

upon the fortunes of a life, suggests further and more radical explanation of the reasons why the specifically musical side of our lost friend never reached that stage when production became easy, familiar, necessary and ample. It is not possible for the creative artist to be at the same time a literary critic of his art in the highest sense and loftiest vein of assigning to it, after the manner of the interpreter of divine things rather than of the analyst of positive results, the place it should hold in the estimation and action of mankind. It is no paradox to say that the greatest creative artists of the world have had their souls filled with less of passionate and devout enthusiasm and love for the art they have exercised than many of the votaries of art who have not been endowed with the creative art faculty. The love of the great artist for his art is merged, and in a certain sense lost, in the instinct and habit of production. His mind is as a soil in which these products of art grow under a process analogous in some measure to the processes of nature. And all his faculty is too much bound up with positive construction for him to be able to stand outside of his art, contemplate it as a part of the general sum of human spiritual treasure, make a place of worship for it, and help his fellow-creatures to that state of mind in which they can fitly lay their offerings at its shrine. The complexity of mental structure which enabled our friend to produce what may be without exaggeration termed almost a *chef d'œuvre* of literary presentation of art emotion and the art career in music, shows us the secret of the arrest and non-development of her

specific musical power. And, at the same time, it enhances in our minds the sense of her personal greatness, while it accounts, as well as consoles us, for the failure of her life as the life of the musician and composer. It is finely said by Matthew Arnold of the great Greek tragedian, that he "saw life steadily and saw it whole," and I am disposed in all conviction to apply this remark to the great character about which I am writing. Her spiritual vision was, in truth, steady and full in spite of the unrest, due to superficial excitability of the nerves alone, which, to those who knew her only superficially, was no index of her inmost and deepest core of character. Though she never matured any systematic scheme of thought, after the manner of the professional philosopher, yet the scope of her nature, of her thinking, of her feeling, was such as embraced, in an implicit unity, all the various sides of human endeavor, especially of artistic endeavor. And she was endowed with one rare power, which is perhaps the most decided sign of that universality, that species of glorified wit which goes by the name of *humor*; the power which can play in a sovereign manner with the facts and tendencies of life and the peculiarities of character, as from a sphere of a higher but a loving superiority. But all this variety negatives the essential exclusiveness of type of the great, and greatly productive, creative artist. Therefore it may be said that she was too great for great work greatly and long-time sustained in any one art. And it was her lot, therefore, only to produce in prose, in verse, as well as in music, fragmentary suggestions of her personal greatness, sadly comprehensive of

them all in idea, in feeling, in aspiration, but destined by its inner law never to receive the palm of victorious effort in any one of them in that arena wherein genius more limited receives its crown at the hands of men.

So viewed,—and I believe justly viewed,—her memory, dear and sacred as it must ever be to all her friends, will always be invested with a peculiar pathos which must make of it a unique possession in the minds of those friends. For she bore about with her a great and sore burden of creative power which it was impossible to her to relieve, as it is possible to the executive faculty of those more limited in range. The theme is so weighty, here, and the person so sadly and strangely illustrative of it, that I might easily be tempted beyond the bounds of space assigned to me. It is enough, however, to indicate it by a brief touch. Those who have the impulse and the necessity of production laid on them, well know how great and bitter is the sense of responsibility and pain that accompanies the stage of conception before the vision is so clear that the hand can fulfill. Goethe said that if his poems were so great it was because he had lived them all before he wrote them. But what if you live them, with all their multiplied strain of emotion and thinking, yet never write them? Yet more: what if it be your fate to live habitually in all the multiplied and complex emotion of a conflict of arts for possession of your being, victory inclining now to one, now to another, with no prospect of cessation of the strife until the overloaded heart ceases to beat? Can the imagination of man conceive of a spiritual tragedy deeper

than this? And if there were any one dear to us who was its victim, can there be anything but satisfaction in the thought that such a nature as this, to which inspiration was in so terrible a sense distraction, has been transferred to another sphere of existence, where the need of expression is forever merged and lost in the perpetual, never-failing delight of experience and development, and of fruition of the Infinite of things that pressed so hardly upon the spirit while it sojourned on earth? Can anything serve, more than the history and final issue of such a gifted being as this, to impress more deeply upon our hearts the greatest and most solemn of all truths,—a truth which, when firmly and universally grasped, will be as refining fires to all the sons and daughters of earth,—that what we call Death is the greatest of all God's gifts to Life?

ALFRED H. LOUIS.





I KNEW Saidie Warner well. I knew her intimately when she was but "a girl in her teens." She was then bright with the promise of a rich and cultivated womanhood, full of fire and enthusiasm, and possessed of a heart and mind aglow with interest in the various reform theories of the country. I remember the first time I ever saw her. I had heard extravagant accounts of her various powers and talents. Her friends were never weary of recounting her praises; her musical gifts, her apprehension, her quickness in the acquisition of languages, and her faculty of repartee—all had been told me in the most impressive manner; in fact, the whole scale and gamut of praise had been exhausted, so that I was curious to meet this *rara avis*. I determined, however, to hold my admiration in abeyance to my judgment, and to detect the faults of the phenomenon. The time of our meeting was summer, a warm afternoon in early June. She came into the room with a quick step, a sort of half-run, with a whir, and a flurry, and a *frou-frou* of white muslin and blue

ribbons. Her cheeks were glowing with the ruddy blaze of high health and spirits. The brown hair, that curled so closely about her lovely brow, had been thrown from the face and caught with a "true lover's knot" of blue, but a few stray ringlets disported themselves about her cheeks, as if in playful rebellion against the imprisonment of ribbon. I felt at once the charm of welcome in the cordial clasp of Saidie's hand, and the light that shone from her eyes was a lamp-glow of home comfort. I had just returned from Europe, and was weary of the locked-up faces and coldly vacant manners of the people I had met there, so that this breezy maiden let in a flood of brightness and warmth upon me which was like "sunshine winged and voiced." My judgment thus was hastily taken prisoner by my admiration.

The frankness and ardor with which Saidie entered into conversation, not talking as a stranger but as a friend to a friend, completely captivated me. In less than an hour the bars of distance and reserve were broken down, and we stood upon household grounds. From that moment we were friends, and during long after-years no shadow ever dimmed the perfect faith of that friendship. It was the second year of our civil war when we thus met, and I recall with admiration her patriotic enthusiasm. The very mention of negro slavery fired her with "the hot blood of indignation." A holder of slaves, or an advocate of slavery, was the object of her bitter contempt and abhorrence. In a long and a rather varied and differing personal acquaintanceship, I have rarely if ever known so brave and single-hearted a character. The few

faults which I did discover all "leaned to virtue's side," and the most conspicuous one of these few I should pronounce an overweening antagonism to snobbery and to the cant fashions and foibles of the day. She individualized so sharply, and with such a clairvoyant perception discerned the least semblance of toadyism and worldliness, that she had scarcely enough of the spirit of pity. But she was equally intense in her friendships, and, as she was a fine hater, she was likewise an ardent lover. When once she discovered in a person these faults of her especial disgust, there was something almost painful in the play of her wit and sarcasm. With what merciless irony she would point out every small vice, until you actually winced with compassion for her victim! Then, on the other hand, she was so full of admiration of the good! No term in the language seemed strong enough to express her praise of a generous or heroic action, and her charity was as "melting as the dew of heaven." Her words of sympathy made glad the hearts of all who needed consolation. Of her means she always gave largely and liberally. During the trying days of our war we were much together, and I have often heard her exclaim: "Oh that I could do something, be something more than a mere well-wisher!" In fact she was much more, for she gave her time, her attention, her work, as well as her sympathy, to the Sanitary Commission. She aided every Society and Committee which had for its object the suppression of the rebellion or the liberation of the slave.

She visited me in Washington shortly after the emancipation in the District of Columbia, and we often went to the

negro quarters in Georgetown. Sometimes, when I would become discouraged by the hopeless ignorance and low idea of personal liberty held by these abject people, Saidie would say, in such a brave way: "I believe in them; I am sure they will come out right, and justify our hopes of good citizenship." Their "revivals" amused her greatly, and with her quick musical ear she caught their melodies and wild airs, and would come home and sing them. Thomas, a servant in our household, who had been a slave, paid her the compliment of saying: "Miss Saidie is a real lady-lady, and never interferes in no wise with nobody, and what she don't know is nothing to nobody." Both she and I recognized the full force meant by this equivocal statement. Of her social qualities I need say nothing. These, and her varied accomplishments, are well known to a large circle of loving and admiring friends—and her sweet memory is treasured in a thousand hearts.

For me, no return of the leafy, flowery month of June, with its "perfect days," ever comes but brings up her sweet image, which I shrine in my heart with blossoms, sun-light, and the melody of singing birds.

MATTIE GRIFFITH BROWNE.





TO those who knew Saidie Warner intimately, she is most of all associated with whatever is lovely in sunset and landscape, or grand in sea-view and mountain. With her exuberant vitality, she lived in Nature as a part of it, as few do, and revelled in its beauties and freedom. Color was to her like music, and she often said that certain notes were to her like distinct colors given in the prism. Outline, form, perspective, acted upon her intensely, and so it came about that she was never so happy as on a free mountain-side, or in some forest green nook, or by the cliffs as the white waves rolled thundering in. It was evident that her best moments were in these solitary places, and that the UNNAMEABLE became real to her soul in the midst of nature.

But almost equally with whatever is heroic or noble in expression and emotion, and with kindness for all, is her sweet memory associated. Whoever tried to do a generous and courageous thing always had from her quick sympathy; her eyes lit with ready fire or moistened with sudden tears at what-

ever was heroic and disinterested; the stranger, the neglected sick, the poor foreign child and the slave, were always near her sympathies. She was even in girlhood warmly anti-slavery. She worked many a weary evening in the Italian School of the Children's Aid Society, and the little wandering harpers came soon to love her. She seriously injured her own health in her care of a deserted sick woman in the hospital, and her drawing-rooms were almost conspicuous for the number of strangers and those who demanded her sympathies.

Her nature gave hospitality and welcome to whatever needed human kindness; and all noticed the singular charity of her judgments, especially towards the unfortunate. One would call her by nature an artist, recipient continually of all possible impressions from beauty and pleasure, through every nerve and fibre, and living often in an ideal world of her own. Yet she harnessed herself to the practical work of life, and certainly few mothers ever devoted themselves in thought and act so wisely and thoroughly to their own children as she did to the beloved children of her husband.

With such an artist's temperament, and under the foretokens of the fatal disease which was to attack her, she could not be always happy. She enjoyed much and suffered much. One of her highest enjoyments was in the wide and varied friendships which she had with many men and women. Their sympathies were her richest pleasures. Their faithful friendships followed her through her days of prosperity, her long and painful illness, and the cold waters of Death have not quenched it.

As we laid her beloved body, with many tears, in the winter tomb on the hill-side, the sun lit up the western sky with circle after circle of glory, in such gorgeous colors as she loved, and we said: "She is not here in the cold and gloom; she is above with the color of sunsets, the glory of celestial Beauty, the light of God!"

Yes, dear friend! the unforgotten! Sweet be that new life to thee, where the music hath no discords and love no alloy, and the pains of disease or the pangs of disappointed aspirations enter not, and He whom thy soul loved is "all in all"!

To us, thou art a perpetual inspiration towards whatever is noble and true.

CHARLES L. BRACE.





I FIRST met Mrs. Warner in 1869. We were at that time members of the "Fraternity Club," a literary society in New-York. For two or three years after I first became acquainted with her, I knew her very slightly, and seldom saw her except at the meetings of the Club, or in connection with its business. I met her occasionally at social receptions and at her own house, but our acquaintance was one of slow growth, and our only common interest was in the affairs of the Club. So, for a long time, I learned little of her nature, save upon its intellectual side. I knew her simply as a brilliant, active-minded woman, whose intellectual attainments seemed to me to be remarkable for their variety, and whose mental freshness and vigor gave her an easy pre-eminence. I was struck with her versatility in performing literary work for the Club. Early in our acquaintance I chanced to be appointed joint editor with her of the regular "paper" to be read at the Club. I remember this the more distinctly because then I first learned something of the superior brightness and

activity of her mind. In preparing the paper, there was no little difficulty in choosing among the plans which she proposed for it. She had a quick sense of humor, and I remember that fun and nonsense entered largely into all the plans. The impression which I received at that time, that her mind was one of unusual quickness and natural power, was strengthened by her later contributions to the exercises of the Club, and by all my subsequent knowledge of her. Once, when she was editor of one of these papers, instead of seeking contributions from others, as was the custom, she wrote not only the editorial article but all the others save one. These consisted of a translation of a German poem, a series of witty parodies upon the styles of several well-known poets, a pathetic little story of poverty and suffering, and one or two other articles differing in subject and style from these as much as these differed from each other. None of them were noticeable for profound thought or for any peculiar literary skill. They were light and clever, and showed a mind that was lively and imaginative. These papers were not intended to contain much that was serious, and so there was little in this or other of her contributions to the entertainment of the Club which evinced the real thoughtfulness and earnestness of her nature. But there was adequate evidence of these in her conversation and letter-writing.

Her mind was, to a rare degree, logical and reasonable in its operations. I think that her opinions were formed in a way that was to an unusual extent critical. No doubt she had prejudices which colored her judgments, but certainly they

did so to a very slight degree. Generally her mind acted quite independently of her likes and dislikes. Her opinions upon many questions of human interest were held with great warmth of feeling, as all who knew her are well aware, but I never knew her to show that she found in the warmth of her feeling a ground for the correctness of her opinion. Her mind was exceptional in its natural force and directness, and in this power of acting upon pertinent reasons in a purely logical and impersonal way. She was warm in her enthusiasm for what she admired, yet it was characteristic of her that she was always discriminating, even when most enthusiastic. This power of clear discrimination when her feelings were most engaged, which I think was a remarkable peculiarity of her nature, appeared in much that she wrote and was a feature in all her conversation. On account of it, she was less blind than any person of strong feelings that I ever knew, to the deficiencies in persons whom she admired or to the merits of those whom she disliked. This independence of her judgment and her feelings appeared also in many other ways. I have noticed it in the critical comments which it was her custom to write in her books as she read them, as well as in her opinion of our common acquaintances or their conduct.

She was noticeably independent of the opinions of others in forming her own. She accepted very little upon authority. Everything seemed to have passed the test of her own criticism before she declared it her own. Once accepted, she expressed it with assurance. Yet she was ever hospitable to the thoughts of others, and sought to know them. She was

unusually frank and straightforward in speech. She thought clearly and spoke clearly. She had a great command of language, and I never knew her to be at a loss for the word to express just the shade of meaning which she desired. In brief, her mind was to an exceptional degree vigorous, versatile and active, rich in natural force, and quick and accurate in its movements. But, as she was well aware, it was not a trained mind. To plan and write for publication was always a laborious task to her. It was in her letters to her friends that the versatility of her mind appeared at its best advantage. Of the defects in her education she gave the following description in one of her letters:

“As to mental education, I never had any. I graduated at a fashionable female boarding academy, and appeared on that thrilling occasion in exuberant ringlets, a blue sash at my waist and a diploma in my hand, ornamented with ribbons an exact match in pale blue. The whole so-called schooling was an empty farce in stylish apparel. The popular institute was an organ of concentrated mechanism, where female graduates at the rate of fifty a year were turned out into their—sphere. There was not only not the slightest attempt at development of the individual, but no attempt at any real mental discipline of the mass. The attitude of the professors to the ‘girls’ was that felt to an inferior creature of limited possibilities—and their pupils were very much what they were expected to be.”

She had a very moderate opinion of her mental gifts, and while she appreciated that she had by nature intellectual force, I have heard her say that how much or how little it was she had not the least idea.

My acquaintance with her, as I have said, was of slow growth, and it was not till after three or four years that it ripened into the warm friendship which continued until her death, and which will ever remain in memory one of my most valued possessions. After I learned to know her well and was permitted to share in the generous interest which she gave to all her friends, I saw, what I had failed to appreciate before, that her superiority of mind was a less marked feature of her character than the wealth and depth of her moral and affectional nature. However much she may have impressed those who met her by her mental force, her intelligence and thoughtfulness, or by her hospitality and graciousness to her acquaintances, yet no one knew her adequately or at her best, who had not seen her as she was to her friends. It was in her friendships that she lived more than in anything else. In them she took the keenest and deepest satisfaction. She was fond of talking about her friends and speaking their praises. She could always define clearly and sharply the traits in each which commanded her admiration and affection. To each she showed a constancy and loyalty which no outside influence could destroy. She gave generously to them her sympathy in their pleasures and troubles, and showed a warmth of interest which never abated after she had once taken them into her confidence. She was always seeking to know them better, that the relation might be more real and complete. She was remarkably frank and sincere in her treatment of them. She never hesitated to reveal herself to them. She expected the same sincerity from them. Her

desire to know them intimately was not an idle curiosity to pry into secrets of personal history. No one cared less for confidence of that sort than she. But she did claim of all her friends a revealing of themselves to her, as they were. She was curious to know their likes and dislikes, and their opinions especially upon all subjects in which she took a warm interest, and she was not content until she knew them thoroughly. I think that it was a pain to her if any of her friends did not agree with her and feel the same enthusiasm which she felt in some directions. So keen was her interest in the inner life and nature of her friends, and so open was her own friendly confidence, that she expected from them an equal interest and frankness. No doubt with her conception of what friendship ought to involve, she demanded much of her friends; but she always set them an example by giving to them much more than she asked. Her ideal of friendship, of which I have frequently heard her speak, was indeed a noble and beautiful one, and in her life she exemplified it. And so she brought to her friends those good gifts which she always said would be the fruit of genuine and earnest relations. While she was never blind to the faults of her friends, she was also well aware of her own, and spoke of them frankly. She wished those who loved her to value her for what she was, with an affection large enough to cover faults as well as merits. Her own affection led her to speak in friendly frankness, if occasion required, of faults which she thought injured those whom she respected, yet I never knew her to permit any one in her presence to detract in the slightest way from the honor which

she felt to be due to her friends. Through good report and through evil report she was steadfast to those whom she had honored with her confidence. She would not let the idlest witticism pass by, if in any way it seemed to be unjust to one of her friends, even though no harm were intended. Indeed, an intense love of justice was a marked trait in her character. It was close at the foundation of many of her opinions. It continually appeared in what she said and did.

I need not say that her nature was exceptionally unselfish. She was happy in being of help and service to others, and constant in her thoughtfulness and delicacy towards the feelings of those about her. All her friends will bear witness that no trait of selfishness lessened the purity of her friendly regard.

In striking contrast with her independence in judgment and all intellectual matters, was her dependence upon the sympathy of her friends. No person ever appreciated more warmly kindness or friendly thoughtfulness, or was more keenly alive to any failure in others to be loyal and generous.

I have referred to her courage in behalf of those whom she respected and loved. This trait appeared conspicuously in her outspoken advocacy of causes which she knew to be unpopular. She never failed to defend in the most fearless way whatever she deemed true and right, though at the risk of being misunderstood, ridiculed or disliked. She was always ready to express her condemnation of whatever seemed wrong to her, though she were alone in her condemnation of it. Thus she felt very keenly the social and political injustice to

women by many legal limitations upon their freedom of action, and she never hesitated to declare her feeling about it, even when she knew none of her hearers sympathized with her.

She had an inborn delight in all forms of beauty. She loved all the sights and sounds of nature. As soon as the opening of spring would permit, she brought together a few of her friends for a day in the country or for walks in the Central Park during the first warm evenings. In her letters from the country during the summer, she showed her unfailing enjoyment in all the beautiful things about her. She was a faithful correspondent, and at no time did the vigor and liveliness of her mind appear at greater advantage than in her letters. The few extracts from these with which I close this imperfect reminiscence of her will fail to give an adequate idea of the charm of her letter-writing, but they may serve to give a better insight into the earnestness and thoughtfulness of her character than I have been able to give.* For it is difficult to analyze the heart and mind of a friend, and to describe to others the characteristics of a nature which has been dear to us. But I am glad to unite with her other friends in giving testimony to the worth and beauty of her character. I shall always be indebted to the influence of her friendship for a quickening of all the higher motives of action.

T. FRANK BROWNELL.

* See "Extracts from her Letters" (A).



IT is a comparatively easy task to portray a scene in nature whose features are marked and permanent and when the characteristics easily classify themselves. But only the rarest skill can seize the flitting gleam of sunlight, the play of reflection upon water, and the ripples alternately ruffling and growing calm upon the surface of a lake or quiet stream.

If the artist finds it almost beyond his skill to fix such fleeting elements in a landscape, to any one sketching a character it is still more bewildering, when the nature he attempts to embody and make vivid belongs to one of those evanescent, changeable beings, who exist but in points of varying intelligence and emotion, and are never two moments the same,—now bubbling over with fun and wit, now changing into a mood of serious argument, as some important principle crosses the thought, or some great wrong or right, either public or private, stirs the heart or dilates the soul; a creature of impulse always, whether as an artist, a woman, or a member of society,—a wife, a mother, or a friend. Such a being as this, in her habit of character, was Saidie

Warner, as she always struck me, yet combining with this impulsiveness a power of solid thought that made her a fit companion for one's highest intellectual moods; and she had a force of affection in her that always manifested itself through even the most capricious plays of her changeful fancy.

A vein of most serious belief in what was right and true always held her imagination and her life in an orderly condition; and one of the warmest and most loyal hearts, as simple and devoted as a child's, dominated her intercourse with all her friends. Let Saidie be in her most playful mood and revelling in a comic description, a charming musical fancy, or some poetical or philosophical talk, if a word or hint were slipped in, derogatory to a friend or subversive of a principle, away would go the grace of her pantomime, the bit of music or the poem from her hand, and another being possessed her; she defended some doubtful point of conduct in one dear to her, or became the violent advocate of Unitarianism, anti-slavery, or whatever the subject under discussion might be in which she was interested. In the ordinary intercourse of life, people generally do not impress each other very much, or at least very many people do not impress a great many others very much. I suppose it is impossible to discriminate what attraction it is that makes one attract another strongly; and so we frequently cannot tell if individuals are simply charming to ourselves from their own and our personal qualities, or if they possess some peculiar magnetism that draws people in general into close intimacy with them. But impersonal relations are of course what exist for the most

part in this world, and individuals stand to each other as the good neighbor, the safe confidant, the respected business partner, or otherwise, but nothing more; and they might as well be ghosts or algebraic signs, so far as they can ever have the possibility to move us outside of these simple relations. But now and then—very rarely—a live human creature suddenly flashes upon us, when we are instantly waked and warmed and modified through our entire being, every minute we are in their presence. Something like this attraction is most apt to exist between men and women, and yet it is not love; but this peculiar magnetism I refer to is a very much rarer quality, and neither sex nor even race has apparently much to do with it. The poor beggar feels it in the momentary meeting in the street, friends and relatives are moved by it, and over animals—cats, dogs, birds and horses—this strange vitality has a marked power. Whether it be a single quality or one made up of many, Saidie Warner certainly possessed this faculty of winning and moving others, as only some half dozen people I have ever come across have been able to do. A most characteristic episode of herself—for she ought to be considered in episodes—was her influence among her friends in her own parlor, where nearly every article of furniture or ornament in the room seemed gathered in obedience to her taste, her judgment, or as an offering of friendship. Here was her painting by Merle of a mother and child, to which in many of her moods she liked to refer; the beautiful grand piano, on which were spread her favorite composers, such as Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin,

whose portraits looked down from the walls, besides her own half evolved musical productions, which latter bespoke the greatest delicacy and musical appreciation; these, as well as the soft rich colors of the room in Bohemian glass and Oriental rugs, all were a true indication of her tastes and individuality.

In this room on an evening were very often assembled a dozen or twenty persons of the most positive intellectual, literary, artistic or social positions. An author sat chatting, in half audible tones, with a distinguished divine; a singer talked with some advocate of women's rights, or with an anti-slavery refugee from the South, or an Italian exile. Music of subdued voices, soft lights, perfume of flowers, floated about the room; but as yet it was the unconscious influence, not the personal presence, of the hostess that joined them in such a friendly harmony. But in a little while, not suddenly,—for Saidie never seemed to hurry, but always to trust that her friends were also certainly each other's,—she glided into the room, smiling, rosy, bright-eyed, cheery, and most peculiarly festive. Dull care vanished as completely in her presence as winter flies before a melting south wind. Little rippling, low laughter, slight banter, touches of wit, under glances from her, and the whole assembly melted over again in the crucible of her warm and radiant presence. She sat down beside a couple of her guests, and her references to an anti-slavery author came apposite to throw light, with its sharp, clear thought, on some question of present political consequence. Gliding from her position, and placing herself upon a low bench, she

listened attentive to another group of people, or made a gay quotation in German or French, perhaps from Heine or Beranger. Always ready and apt to seize the strong points in any discussion, she referred as easily to De Tocqueville as to George Eliot or Dickens, and laughed as heartily at her own *bon-mots* as at her blunders. With an atmosphere of the highest literary culture about her, she played as lightly and easily with the deepest intellectual subjects as she did with her bouquet, her canary bird, or her bit of sewing. She may have seen the wit of her own volatility, and enjoyed her caprice from an artistic sense, but she was never affected, and only pedantic in a humorous way, to amuse herself and other people.

Saidie, I think, could never have been famous, for she was too many-sided to confine herself to a specialty, which is the only road to great worldly success.

Whatever she touched absorbed a portion of her individuality, and whether it was her dress, her letters, her books, her trinkets, all possessed a subtle refinement that we all can remember, with a sigh, was certainly there, but what it was and why we felt so when under her influence, we cannot recall. In her walks, when in the country, every motion and vein and nerve thrilled to her surroundings, and here she was perhaps most happy, unless it might have been when she was undisturbed at her piano.

Her light went out in suffering, like that of so many people always; but the joyous human-bird, her real self, still sings in the hearts of her friends.

SUSAN N. CARTER.



MY recollections of Mrs. Warner are of one who impressed me as a peculiarly rare and gifted nature. She always seemed to me a woman of a high order of intellect and a thoroughly artistic temperament, loving with enthusiasm all things true, pure and beautiful. Her refined tastes, acquirements and culture made her a brilliant central figure in the best social and literary circles. The goodness and kindness and generosity of her heart, expressing itself in an unaffected and genuine warmth of manner, endeared her to a large circle of friends, young and old, of both sexes. But she had uncommon intellectual gifts that deepened her attractiveness. Her mental cultivation seemed to me very high. She must have read much, I think, in several languages, in poems, in fiction, in history, and in books of deeper thought; but she made no parade of her knowledge. The true and the beautiful were alike dear to her, and she united the tastes of the scholar and the artist. Added to these, she had a delicate

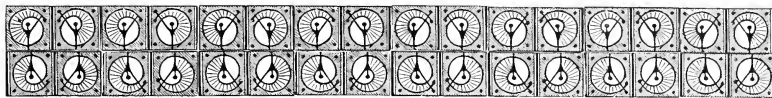
humor and vivacity of spirits which contributed greatly to the completeness of her culture. Above all, she had a rare genius for music. She played well and with feeling, and could recall by ear on her piano the harmonies that impressed her at concerts. She was herself a composer; and the few songs of hers which have been published, as well as her unpublished and unwritten productions, have been highly praised by persons of competent authority, and in their construction and spirit recall the best masterpieces of the German classical schools. The few that I have heard are very beautiful, and, as it seems to me, original, and full of the deepest and most delicate pathos.

In her religious convictions she was simple, broad, liberal and earnest. Her generous instincts and fine culture could brook no narrow sectarian views.

Few women, probably, have blended so many gifts of mind and heart—and yet there was no vanity, apparently, no ambition to shine above others in any social and literary group. She seemed to me to rather hide her light than display it.

Life seemed to be opening for her the fairest vistas. It seemed as though such a rich and vital nature must go on growing deeper and fuller for many long years. Her early death was a great shock to her friends. She will live in the memory of those who were privileged in knowing her, and her loss will never cease to be regretted for all that she was, and for all that she promised to be.

C. P. CRANCH.



“THE life of every man,” says our friend Herr Sauerteig, “the life even of the meanest man, it were good to remember, is a poem; perfect in all manner of Aristotlean requisites; with beginning, middle and end; with perplexities and solutions; with its will-strength (*Willenkraft*) and warfare against fate; its elegy and battle-singing, courage marred by crime, everywhere the two tragic elements of pity and fear; above all with supernatural machinery enough—for was not the man born out of nonentity; did he not *die*, and miraculously vanishing, return thither? The most indubitable poem! Nay, whoso will, may he not name it a prophecy, or whatever else is highest in his vocabulary, since only in reality lies the essence and foundation of all that was ever fabled, visioned, sung, spoken or babbled by the human species; and the actual life of man includes in it all revelations, true and false, that have been, are, or are to be. Man! I say, therefore, *reverence thy fellow-man*. He, too, issued from above; is mystical and supernatural (as thou namest it); this know thou for a truth, seeing also that we ourselves are of so high

authorship, is not that in very deed 'the highest reverence,' and most needful for us, 'reverence for oneself'? What is all history, and all poesy, but a deciphering somewhat thereof, out of that mystic heaven-written Sanscrit, and rendering it into the speech of men? *Know thyself*, value thyself, is a moralist's commandment (which I only half approve of), *but know others*, value others, is the best of nature herself! And now what is all working, what is all knowing, but a faint interpreting and a faint showing forth of that same *mystery of life*, which ever remains infinite—heaven-written mystic Sanscrit? View it as we will, to him that lives life is a devout matter, felt to be of quite sacred significance."

This significant passage from the works of one who has such deep insight into life, and, above all, into the inner spiritual life of man, haunts me, as I reverently recall the friend whose presence so charmed me by its loftier influence on my life; and if it be true that "the life of the meanest is a poem," how much richer a poem would the life of a highly sensitive and gifted woman be, if adequately and intelligently written!

I can never forget the first time I heard Saidie Warner's name mentioned. It was on the 19th of June, 1870, the birthday of a newly made friend. A number of guests, young and old, had met at the friend's house to celebrate the event. The spot was the right bank, as you ascend, of the noble Hudson River. The day was a peculiarly beautiful one, even for June, "that glorious month of roses;" a day which one unconsciously takes into one's heart and pulse, to give it

back again endowed with new life and gladness. Every cold shadow had melted away before the warmth of the ascending sun. The river was calm and tranquil, reflecting only here and there a passing cloud. Our party crossed the river in three or more boats, and were landed on the opposite bank. Here we loitered for a few moments to enjoy the scene that lay before and above us. There are moments when one seems to see into the very heart of Nature, when the inspiration hidden in her great book fills us, and we drink as if from the fountain of good and evil. Such moments were ours on this occasion. They surpassed even our highest conceptions of a beautiful day. We looked at the scene again and again, and then began the ascent of the Palisades, where it was arranged that we should partake, on some favorite spot, of the consecrated birthday repast. It would be no exaggeration to say that our party was in its merriest mood; laughing, chatting, bantering, agreeing to disagree, we toiled up the narrow pathway. Stimulated and flushed with the exercise, our host and guide suddenly halted by the side of a tiny mountain spring, which came welling forth from beneath a mass of tangled grass, ferns and wild flowers. Oh! how pure and clear the water was, as it trickled over some small stones, and fell into a little natural basin of its own making! "We call it Saidie's well," said our host and guide, as he drew from his belt a small India rubber cup, with which he was provided, and stooped to fill it to give us to drink. We all drank of the sweet spring water, and were refreshed, and, as we turned to go away, I said to our host: "Pray who is Saidie?"

I wish I could reproduce here the reverential expression which suddenly flitted across his face, as he replied to my careless question. "Saidie Warner! Why, she is one of our dearest friends. I wish she could have been with us to-day. You ought to know her. How you would enjoy her! She is a wonderfully gifted woman."

These words were simple enough; they might have been uttered of many a friend, but the tone of the voice, the reverential expression of the speaker's face, and, above all, the significant shake of the head, which somehow, by means of an unaccountable little jerk, seemed to mean ever so much more than the words expressed,—in fact to hint to me that the speaker placed her a whole heaven above the questioner,—all this was only too evident, and though not a little wounding to one's self-conceit, still it did not fail to work upon my imagination. I began to picture to myself the woman whose name I had just heard. And the picture did not grow insensible upon my mind, but it burst upon the inner sight and thrilled me with a sense of reality which few imaginary objects have the power to do. I longed to hear something more about the "wonderfully gifted stranger," but I did not ask any further questions about her, feeling perhaps a little conscious of the unexpected snub I had just received from my host. It was not until the autumn of 1872 that I was surprised by the arrival of a note from Saidie Warner. I remember reading it, then pausing to con it over. The handwriting was clear and perfectly legible, in singular harmony with the style, which was simple and childlike in its direct-

ness, without the faintest tinge of the ordinary conventionalities of life. The feeling produced upon my mind by this warm and cordial invitation from a stranger whom I had never seen, but who was ready to accept me at my highest, was a very pleasurable one; I did not hesitate to respond to it in the same spirit. But it was not without a little quickening of the pulse that I found myself, on the evening appointed for our first meeting, standing face to face with this gifted woman.

With perfect distinctness do I now recall the first impression she produced on me. I saw her bright and happy, exquisitely dressed in pale blue silk, her lovely arms and neck contrasting and heightening the effect of the light and the soft colors that seemed to surround her as with a halo, reveling in the fullness of life, and the wealth of friends about her. But she was wholly unlike the picture which I had conjured up before my mind's eye; "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two," it had vanished before the living reality which now pressed forward so eagerly to greet and welcome me; and though the glass through which I looked at her seemed darkened, by my own breath no doubt, still I could not help noticing that under that gay smiling face, or through the eyes that met mine for the first time, there flashed upon me a momentary look, full of earnest enquiry and unconscious restlessness. The eyes were large, full and gray—a color which is apt to deepen or brighten at times, as does the sky under sunlight or darkness. They seemed to betray a certain childlike impetuosity, waywardness

of thought and action, a lofty discontent, only too natural to one in whose heart lay hidden the deep springs of a passionate devotion toward all that is lovely in the present, and all that is heaven-like in the untrodden future beyond. I sat down in a corner, and I saw, for the first time, many interesting, charming friends, but my eyes and my thoughts were, every now and then, arrested by the woman who was so soon to share a larger place in my affections. While I sat there watching her, whether from an impulse within or from the solicitation of some friend I cannot tell, she moved towards the piano, sat down with an unconscious air, and looking up and smiling in the expectant faces around her, said: "What shall I play?"

"Something from Beethoven," was the one quick response from many voices, followed by a hush profound. The lovely figure sat there, still, and seemingly uncertain for a minute or two; those restless eyes turned within, questioning her memory as to which of the great master's pieces she should play. At length her fingers struck the keys of the instrument before her, and living sounds came rippling forth as if from lips tuned to sweetest harmonies. Her eyes became lustrous with color, a new vision rose before my attentive eyes, the vision of an ardent soul, whose ideal was immeasurably higher than her power of expression, and whose restlessness was the result of a sensitive nature, a heart full of noblest enthusiasm, feelings vehement and impetuous, full of love and kindest tenderness, struggling toward expression and failing to reach her own perfect ideal. As the sounds of

Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" floated from beneath her fingers, she lost something of that restless look; the presence of the master himself seemed to hover near her; the same grand note of sadness that runs through all the master's works was heard, as she emphasized, with a capricious enchantment of sorrow, for its own sake, that chord above all others, until the pathos and sadness of the master's life seemed to blend with her own,—a serious sadness which might be felt but not described through a medium so poor and inadequate as language. I also noted, in the years of friendship that followed, that her rendering of Handel, Mozart, and other composers, was unlike her rendering of Beethoven, which seemed to me to have an expressive but undivided tenderness of her own. Now she would sit, to use her own words, brooding over the sounds, and anon rushing with fiery ardor and passionate emphasis into the lofty heaven of his creative power, teeming with magnificent flaming thoughts, until she felt herself almost transformed into the sounds that went rippling on through space forever. Some few weeks after, we met again, and then again, and at last we spent together New Year's Day. Every meeting seemed to point one way. It was getting more and more difficult, even if I had so wished it, to resist her spontaneous generousities. I had no desire to do so. Still I was in no hurry to make many new friends, until the following letter* drew me at once and forever into the charmed circle of her friends.

Thus we became friends. Hers was indeed a heart full of yearning for the responsive affection of her kind. I never

* See "Extracts from her Letters" (B).

before met any one who was so open to every impression of friendship and love. Born with a passionate, impulsive nature, deeply susceptible of the enjoyment of friends, books, nature, of home and its sweeter joys, with a genius for music, and a mind full of loftiest aspirations, "the uttered part" of her life, nevertheless, bore but a "small and unknown proportion" to all that lay unuttered and unconscious within her. She herself hardly recognized how much, that might have been gloriously productive, was lying dormant within her. It was this natural permanent inheritance, combined with that passion for humanity, which the Scriptures call "charity," which was the secret of her peculiar fascination over all those who came in contact with her. Of this I might furnish several incidents, but one must suffice.

One cold winter morning a German lad rang the door-bell at 39 East 19th street. The colored servant, who answered it, inquired what he wanted.

"Can I zee de lady of de hauze?" said he, in a meek, supplicating voice.

Before the servant had time to say "She is engaged," as she had commanded him to do, and to shut the door in the stranger's face, the voice had reached Saidie Warner's ears. With lightning speed, her quick womanly sympathy had detected in those broken sounds the cry of a despairing human heart. In an instant she was standing face to face with the stranger, and, as she herself assured me, recognized at a glance a fixed look of misery that was slowly withering into powerlessness the life of the strange young man before her.

None knew better than she how to win the confidence of the poor and broken-hearted. With a heart ever ready to sympathize with her suffering fellow-men, there was also a will even more ready to help, and there was no personal sacrifice she would not have gladly made to help and comfort those who needed the one or the other.

It was not long before she succeeded in drawing from the stranger the sad story of his follies and his misfortunes, then going straight to her little store, she drew therefrom the sum he needed, and handed it to him, without a shadow of distrust in the honesty of his tale having crossed her mind.

The stranger took the loan thus generously extended to him, kissed the hand and departed. Some months after, the same German lad rings at that, to him, heaven-sounding bell; the door opens as of old; once more he demands, but in a very different voice: "Can I zee de lady of de hauze?" He does see her, he returns the money she had lent him. He tells her that she has helped him to do miracles, to save himself from vice and misery. He thanks her in broken English but in glowing words, mingled with the eloquence of intense feeling.

Nowhere more easily than through the medium of the following letters* can the reader look into the childlike, loving soul of this gifted woman. She wrote without any effort, guided by nature and the instincts which instruct such hearts as hers, to trust others as she would have had others trust her. Friends were to her the completion of her happiness. Every passing thought, every word, every joy or

* See "Extracts from her Letters" (C).

sorrow, every aspiration, she wished to share with some loving, sympathetic soul.

The last time I saw her was, I think, on the 16th of May, 1876. She had called upon me, and not finding me, had left me a little note, scribbled in pencil:

“LIEBES MÜTTERCHEN: Come and see me as soon as you can. I am sick. I may have to go away for a change. I know not when I shall see your face again,” etc., etc.

I lost not a moment in going to see her. I was ushered upstairs into her bedroom. She embraced me with her usual warmth. But, as I looked into her face, felt her touch, heard her voice, a sudden icy chill fell on my heart. What was it? I did not dare to whisper the strange presentiment even to myself.

She told me that she had been suffering very much, was often seized with paroxysms of pain, and that these attacks were becoming more frequent and violent.

To all my anxious inquiries as to the cause of these attacks, she offered no reply. Only putting her arms around me, she begged me to be always her “liebes Mütterchen,” and when I rose to go away, she with great earnestness commended to my friendship one friend above all others. As I now look back upon that visit, I am more than ever convinced that her mind was engaged at this time with sublime and solemn thoughts. Just before I went out she called to me from above, saying: “*Au revoir*, liebes Mütterchen.” It was her last adieu. Not long after this came the tidings to

me that she was suffering from an incurable malady, and that it was thought to be beyond all human aid to save her life.

Once more I started off for her residence. I met her devoted husband's agonized face at the door, and the dreadful truth sank into my heart, sinking it to deeper and more enduring sorrow. But her end was prolonged, and so was her cruel suffering. All through that fierce summer, when every one who could afford it had fled into the country, when the hot sun glared upon everything, burning out the lustre of the grass, the trees, the flowers, withering and blighting the whole earth, she lay on a bed of unspeakable pain, nursed by one friend and her sorrowing husband. All through that season of cruel suffering, I went regularly to enquire about her, but I never again beheld her in life. How her ardent spirit must have enjoyed the occasional respite from pain, which even her cruel destiny afforded her! How she must have yearned to see beyond the veil, to catch some glimpse of the mystery of the life beyond! Though gifted with a fine intellect and a rich imagination, these no doubt were all too feeble to satisfy the unutterable desire of her heart, of every heart, to look beyond to some surer and brighter life; but I do not doubt that the event, which is the lot of all, was even then an object of earnest and familiar contemplation to her mind.

The burning summer was succeeded by a lovely autumn. She still drained her cup of cruelest pain, cheered not only by the loving devotion of these two faithful ones, Miss Nichols and her sorrow-stricken husband, but by the presence and

devoted love of her elder sister, Mrs. von Hesse, who had hastened to her bedside from the other side of the ocean, on the first intimation of her serious illness. Then came winter. I was called away from home, and I went on my way with hope in my heart,—hope that she might still be spared to her loving friends and admirers. But when I returned, the bright, gifted Saidie Warner had drained the fiery cup of physical suffering, and had passed away in a state of unconsciousness. All that remained of her was laid in the bosom of the great Mother she had loved so passionately, but the spirit—that loving spirit which beat so earnestly, so passionately, against its prison-bars—had rent asunder the veil, to gaze on the unutterable things of God.

A. H. LEONOWENS.





I SHALL attempt no analysis of the character of my dear friend, Saidie Warner, though I know well the richness of her mind and heart. I simply come to lay my tribute of love and respect at the feet of the noblest, truest friend I ever had. More than all others, she raised my conception of life, and brought a new gladness into my world. I first made her acquaintance at the Christmas season of 1867, in the Sunday-school room of Mr. Frothingham's church, where we met to twine wreaths for the Christmas decorations. Our acquaintance grew slowly into a friendship, which deepened and strengthened with each added year. To know her well was to love her with the warm affection which she inspired in all her friends.

Never, until I knew Saidie Warner, had I an idea of the possibilities of friendship; she opened a new world to me all aglow with her own beautiful conceptions. These she constantly verified in her daily life. She possessed the rare

power of revealing her friends to themselves, her clear insight disclosing qualities of whose existence they had never dreamed before. She made her friends noble through her strong faith in their powers of nobility.

Thoroughly unselfish, she rejoiced in making them know and love and respect each other, and happy were they who could enter her circle and be honored as her friends. When I was with her, all petty feelings vanished; I lived in a purer atmosphere; she strengthened my faith in humanity and opened a glad outlook into the world.

She was a sure refuge in trouble; her great heart went out in loving sympathy to all who needed her, and never was she so happy as when she could serve those whom she loved. When I was tired, she rested me; when I was sad, she cheered me; when I was despondent, she gave me fresh courage. To be loved by her was a blessing; to serve her, a rare privilege.

I can never be grateful enough that I was able to minister to her in her last illness. Those months gave me yet newer revelations of the power and beauty of her character, of her unselfishness, and thoughtfulness for others. Her greatness of soul kept her from repining. She rejoiced that those whom she loved knew absence from pain, and could enjoy the beauty of the world of which she was deprived. She was quick to appreciate every kindness, ready with her sympathy for others who were suffering, and always grateful and tender to those who served her. Through all her suffering she had an intense desire to live; she felt strongly the existence of

capacities in herself, as yet almost unused, and life was rich in opportunity. There was an unspeakable pathos in the eagerness with which she welcomed each ray of hope. All through the scorching heat of summer she looked forward to the autumn to bring her health, but when the autumn came and found her with diminished strength, her heart grew sick with watching for the long-delayed good.

Her nature was too buoyant to remain long depressed, and again and again she cherished the hope that once more she might be among her friends. Of her death I cannot speak; it has made a vacancy in my life which can never be filled. My heart is full of grateful remembrances of all she did to make my life richer and nobler and better, and ever will her memory be most sacred to me.

MARTHA NICHOLS.





RESOLUTIONS OF THE "FRATERNITY CLUB."

Resolved, That the Club has, with deep feelings of regret, received intelligence of the death of Mrs. S. L. Warner, one of the loveliest, and, previous to her long, disabling, and, at the last, most painful and grievous illness, one of the most interested, active, and helpful of its members.

Resolved, That the members of the "Fraternity" recall with keen pleasure her frequent and sparkling contributions in prose and verse, her sportive fancy, brilliant imagination, sprightly wit, which seemed never to fail her, and of which she was always prodigal for the entertainment of her friends.

Resolved, That while her intellectual brightness made her an ornament to the "Fraternity," and her willingness to do her part made her membership valuable, her admirable social talent rendered her particularly attractive, and the warmth of her nature imparted to her sentiments the glow of enthusiasm that, in literary circles, is as desirable as it is uncommon.

Resolved, That while to some members of the Club, who were admitted to her intimate friendship, her loss here, as elsewhere, will be peculiarly felt, to all the members it is a calamity sincerely regretted and heartily deplored.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent by the Secretary to her husband, Dr. L. T. Warner, with the respectful condolence of the club.

December. 6th, 1876.





IT has been a sad but real privilege to turn over these autumn leaves, still glowing with color from the ardent spirit which animated them, and to linger in the atmosphere of one who was so full of air and sunshine. The intimate friends of Mrs. Warner need no memorial of her whose individuality left so strong an impression on all who knew her; but few of them probably were aware of the wealth of her intellectual life, which a volume like this will at least indicate.

The incidents of her external life were not of a nature to invest them with such an interest as to make a memoir, the best form in which to perpetuate the memory of her internal and far more real life. Moreover, the character of that life was so many-sided that no single mind could be found willing, even if able, to portray it. It was, therefore, concluded to obtain sketches from a number of her friends, giving their impressions, and to follow these with such pieces of her own work as would convey, under various literary forms, her expressions of herself. The sketches might easily have been multiplied

had the scope of the volume permitted. The pieces comprise nearly all her finished literary compositions, excluding such only as she might not wish to have reproduced. They show the versatility of her talents, and in a singular degree exhibit the peculiarity of genius which characterized all her work. The tributes and the compositions interpret each other.

If the writer may be permitted to add his sketch to the little gallery of portraits, he would say, in the first place, that a perusal of what others have written, and an examination of her own papers, confirm the impression made on his mind by a short, but somewhat close acquaintance with Mrs. Warner during the later years of her life. Her fundamental qualities of disposition, as he studied them, and meditates on them, are easily analyzed, and reduce themselves to two.

The first was aspiration, a passionate desire towards unattained and unattainable ideals. She was never satisfied with herself or her intellectual performances. Like an overcharged engine, she trembled under the pressure that was put upon her, and was in a measure disabled by an excess of heated and expanding vapor, for which nature supplied no satisfactory outlet. Her drawer was full of uncompleted essays, drafts in prose and verse of literary compositions, studies in musical form and harmony, fragments and suggestions fraught with brilliant promise, but abandoned through fatigue or dissatisfaction. Even her finished pieces she was reluctant to show, and could hardly be persuaded to print. The vision of something better made each completed performance seem cheap in her eyes and unworthy of preservation.

The same importunate urgency of desire made her life fragmentary to the apprehension of those who saw not the connecting link between her experiences. Plans were impetuously taken up, and suddenly dropped. Projects were unaccountably entertained, and as unaccountably discarded. Half formed purposes, half executed intentions, lay about in confusion. The "fiend" that harried her was love of the best, and it made strict and orderly arrangement of parts more than difficult. She lived in hours and moments, intensely, but impulsively and briefly.

Hence, to those who observed her outward motions only, she seemed inconsistent. Persons as well as performances disappointed her. She liked a great many. Her acquaintances were numerous and of every variety, men and women, old and young, grave and gay. She found honey in all flowers except artificial ones. She felt repugnance only to the conventional, the limited, the austere. No single fashion of natural character contented her. But she was as constant to her love of variety as others are to their preference for sameness. Her passion was for the essence of what was human, and it takes many individuals to represent humanity. All who had color and fragrance were acceptable, and, in a measure, necessary to her satisfaction. She was especially fond of children, on account of their naturalness, their pure, unsullied promise; an element of childlikeness in herself attracted her singularly to certain persons, and attracted certain persons to her. What seemed inconstancy, waywardness, fickleness even, was the childlike impulse to follow what fasci-

nated, and, in fascinating, held out the promise of good. She had a measureless expectation from her friends, not exacting, but waiting and welcoming.

Certain peculiarities of personal character, an apparent lack of persistency in conduct, a sort of perversity, half mirthful, half serious, which perplexed and occasionally disturbed her friends, is best explained by this unappeasable longing after a satisfaction that was beyond her reach. She was vexed with others; she was vexed, most of all, with herself; and she betrayed her vexation as frankly as she expressed her delight.

There was fascination in all this; but the magnet has opposite poles. The power to attract and be attracted supposes the power to repel and be repelled. Our friend's dislikes, it was remarked, were as ardent as her likes, and it must be said, in truth, that she was disliked by some as cordially as she was admired by others. Her enthusiasms and her aversions were alike spontaneous and instinctive. But while the expression of her enthusiasms was profuse and hearty, the expression of her aversions was infrequent and restrained. There was no bitterness in her speech, no acrimony in her manner. She never abused or derided those she disliked; she simply avoided them as persons with whom she had nothing in common. If it now and then happened that she was drawn to one who manifested no reciprocal attraction, she bewailed the inability to respond, and suffered keenly from the sense of repulsion; but still she trusted her instinct, and meekly accepted the situation, never allowing herself to become

embittered. Part of the tragedy of her life proceeded from these unsatisfied hungers of the heart.

For even those who appreciated the quality of aspiration in our friend did her much less than justice if they did not also appreciate another quality in her, equally cardinal and equally absolute,—more easily recognized and more familiarly enjoyed,—the quality of kindness. She was a warm lover and sympathizer, taking people gladly at their best, and going out ingenuously towards those whom she could serve; she was like a fresh breeze entering a close chamber through the open window. To need her compassion was to obtain it. Her sympathy leaped over all barriers, recognized no boundaries. One person had as much claim on her as another. Her friends she could not bless enough. If aspiration tended to carry her away from the homely places of experience, sympathy held her close to them. Her compassion was swift and comprehensive. It believed all things and hoped all things. It was glowing and impetuous, sometimes too much so for wisdom; but a saving common sense came to her rescue in emergencies. The writer of one of the preceding sketches, herself, at one period of her life, identified with the cause of negro emancipation, testifies to her passionate zeal in behalf of African liberty. The same pity was extended to the Indians, whose strongest claim to help was their helplessness. Some of the restrictions placed by law and custom on her own sex were inexpressibly galling to her judgment, and she sought for others rights to which she was herself comparatively indifferent. To all poor, lonely, weak, unhappy

people, her heart went out without reserve. She visited them, took them in, gave them food, companionship, cheer. She was, in practical ways, a benefactor. Her faith in the heart's amiable attributes, and their omnipotence, was unbounded; it was at times almost provoking when confronted with the judgment of scientific philanthropy, which substitutes logic for sentiment, and facts for feelings; but she was never abashed by skepticism or daunted by failure. She was an enormous believer in love and in liberty.

Such a life must, of necessity, have been incomplete. No life is finished; at least no life, with purpose in it, is finished. But a life like this one seems peculiarly uncompleted, because of the distance between dream and accomplishment. No length of days on earth would have enabled her to bridge over the gulf which opens between earth and heaven. This is the solace of those who lament her early departure. She lived long enough to convince those who loved her that, had she lived longer, her pain would have been keener from the inevitable disappointment of eager desires. For the soul would have been still far in advance of circumstance, and her sorrow must have deepened with years. She enjoyed existence intensely; but the determination to extract from existence what it would not yield, caused hours of anguish, that must have become more frequent and more distressing as time went on. So long as life is happiest to those who expect the least from it, the sons and daughters of aspiration will be children of sorrow. This is the price they pay for their joy.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.



PART II.

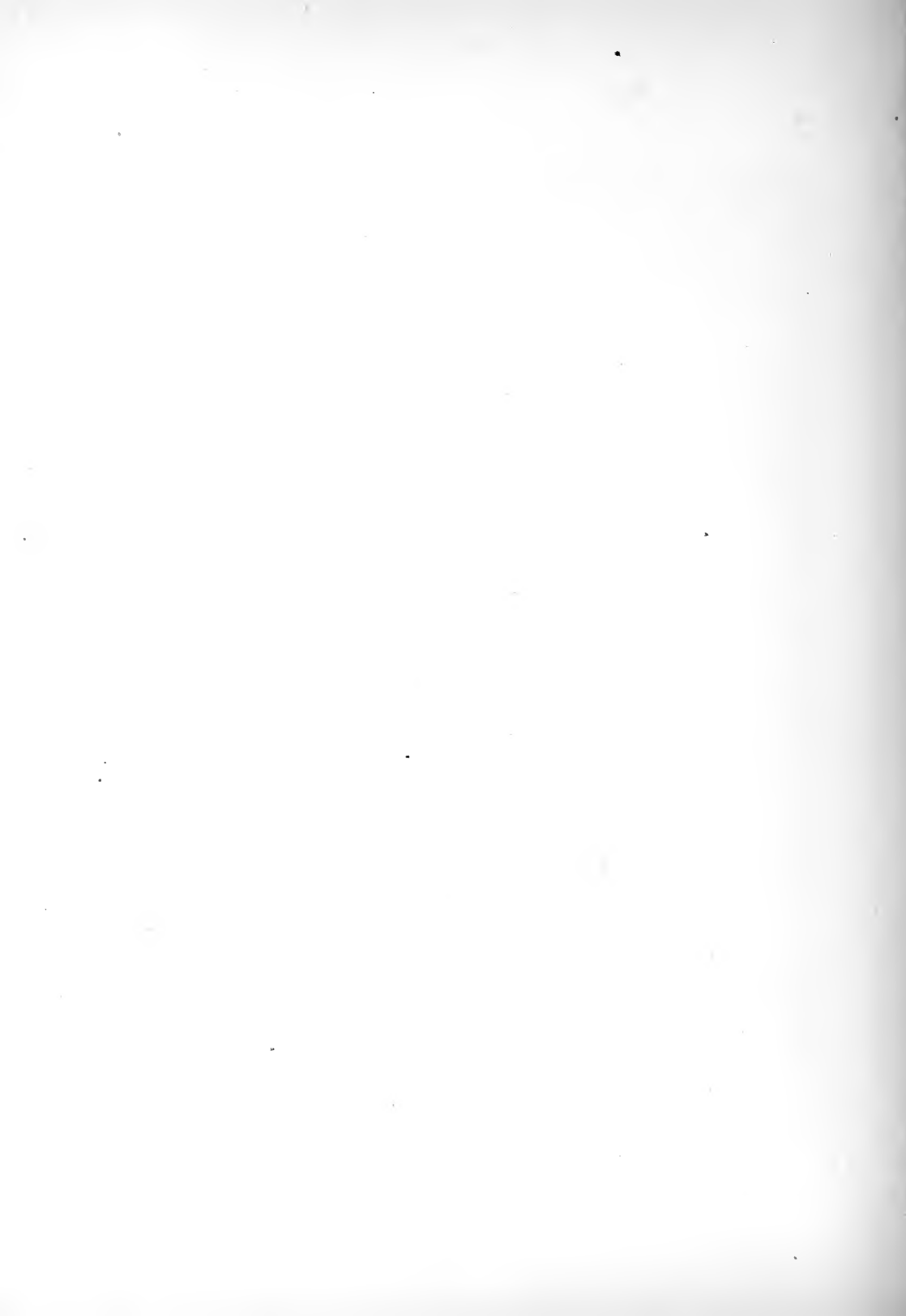


MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

FROM

HER WRITINGS







LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR MUSICIAN.

IN the hilly suburbs of the quaint old city of Aschaffenburg, there stood, twenty years ago, a grim and stately stone building. This building was the celebrated "Rheinhardt Academy." Here I was imprisoned, in the year 1848, in company with over a hundred other youths between thirteen and twenty years of age. Within walls, the severe and unchanging discipline of daily study was interrupted only by occasional exercise in the enclosed play-ground attached to the building, and the yearly four-weeks' vacation. Our knowledge of the world*outside was limited to the glimpses caught through the narrow framework of our windows; and many a youthful imagination kindled at the distant panorama of the river Main, with its ever-shifting motion and light. Here, a dry and monotonous existence was poetized to two young lads by one of those impassioned friendships peculiar to school-life, and which has the *couleur de rose* of Love, without its suspicions or its pangs. Herman Ehrthal, who was three years my senior, had completed his mathematical studies, and was almost exclusively occupied in the musical department when I entered the Academy. Many a time, after school-hours, have I crouched outside his door to listen to the delicious harmonies that fell from his fingers, and which seemed to interpret for me all the bright dreams of that future which lay in its glowing perspective beyond the present cold and cheerless life. It was here he found me one night, in tears, and took me to his heart. From that moment we understood each other. Through the six following

years he was color and sunshine to me in the shade of those grim old walls. In 1854 he left the Academy and went to Vienna, where he pursued his musical studies exclusively during a residence of six years. From Vienna he went to London, where he resided five years. In 1865 he returned to Germany, and informed his friends that he should leave the following month for America. Before he sailed, we agreed mutually to keep journals, and, upon our reunion, to exchange them, so that each might possess the record of the other's experiences, objective and subjective, during separation. Two years after his departure for the New World I joined him there. When we met, the journals were exchanged according to promise. His now lies before me. The few leaves which I have selected for publication are precisely as I find them, except in the substitution of fictitious names. The story of these pages is neither dramatic nor sensational. The reader will find none of those startling events which quicken circulation—none of those dark mysteries which provoke shudders and pique expectation. To those who enjoy the intense shadow and intricacy of plots *à la* Wilkie Collins, the possible-to-every-one history of Herman Ehrthal will prove but tame amusement. But to those born to music, these pages will hold a peculiar interest; for, enclosed in the simple framework of this simple story, are woven the subtle, subjective experiences peculiar to the artist-life. That finer discrimination in music which is born not so much of *acquired* as *instinctive* knowledge, will be passed by unheeded by many. That rapturous enthusiasm which is as irrepressible in the artist-nature as song to birds, and which in its most eloquent expression seems to him but a feeble counterpart of that which burns within him, will be smiled at by this same many as puerile rhapsody. But those whose souls have kindled at the same fires will read aright the language, and will feel with the artist its entire inadequacy to its sublime theme. To them I offer these pages.

OCTOBER 24th.—Well, here I am home again! Home! a narrow, carpetless room; cot bed, rude chair, and washstand; in one corner, a trunk; in the other, an upright piano. My apartment is certainly not elegant, yet it is not without ornamentation. Witness, four excellent engraved portraits of the following composers, Handel, Beethoven, Bach, and

Schumann; the rosewood piano left in my charge by H—— till his return, and on the window-sill the bunch of roses I bought to-day of the pale little girl at the corner. Alack-a-day! my efforts to gain work have been so far unsuccessful, and a *dolce far niente* life is my present prospect. What a weary day this has been! Will it ever be thus? Must I barter my holy Muse, whose white garment I am unworthy to kiss, for “filthy lucre”? Filthy lucre! I would not despise the base article in practical cents and shillings, as I sit here to-night with only half-satisfied stomach. This afternoon I went to the Seminary in —— street, but met with no success. Luck does not seem to follow me. Later I repaired to Mrs. B——’s, whose daughter is my only pupil—a young lady of average capacity. Wishing to be in the fashion, she requested me to give her some German music. I brought her one of Mendelssohn’s “*Lieder ohne Worte*.” She has learned to play the notes correctly, but they have no significance to her. She is very pretty, however,—has liquid dark eyes and a rich bloom. I watched her, this afternoon, as she fingered the exquisite tone-poem. The pretty features never quivered, the eyes neither quickened nor softened. She sat in statuesque passivity, quite unconscious of the tender yearning and melancholy that throbbed in fitful pulses among the notes. Pretty doll! Nature made you very neatly—only forgot to put a soul into you. Perhaps you are none the less happy! Heigh ho! my purse is getting sadly thin, but I shall not ask Mrs. B—— to advance my pay. I ate my scanty meal with relish this evening, for

the keen air had sharpened my appetite, and my body is still so young and strong! My evenings are certainly solitary, but it is then that I have my happiest hours—then that my tone-wings raise themselves from the clogging mire, and soar and bear me to blessed regions where I hear primeval warblings and catch the perfumes of heavenly gardens. To-night I was bitter, almost despairing. Was it unnatural that my mood should have *dissolved* into the Prelude No. 4 of Chopin? I repeated it again and again with a lingering, torturing satisfaction, and in that smothered cry for hope and help I plead for love, for free air, for sunshine, for some way out of this hateful imprisonment. No human being was ever more entirely a victim to dyspepsia than Chopin—a dyspepsia that disordered soul and stomach, and had its *whine* somewhere in nearly all his creations. In a number of noble instances he left the narrow circle of the *meum*, and, fired by a great idea or a fine enthusiasm, forgot his own personality; but these are the exceptions. Exquisitely keen to joy and pain, and hungry for happiness, with all an artist's passion, he revelled in the outpouring of his glowing, quivering sensibilities through Tone, whose dictionary his marvellous genius commanded and enlarged at will. The egotism of a self-centred, morbid being was never before hidden under such bewildering modulations; the complaints of a sick brain and body never before clothed themselves in so seductive a garb; the passion of *personal* joys, pangs, and longings was never before told in so eloquent and fascinating a language. But, though his music flatters, bewilders, intoxicates, there are in it no outlets into celestial space.

This evening I enjoyed it with a peculiar keenness—made many a morbid, melancholy romance of which I was myself, of course, the hero, and rose from the piano a more bitter and selfish man. Awaking suddenly from the absorbing dream, the close walls stifled me, and I went to the window for air. The city below looked cold and spectral; its inhabitants were stupid grubs, and I, fancying myself one of the great *élite*, looked down from my garret-window upon their fine dwellings and despised them. *Misérable homme incompris!* What cares the busy world, with mighty questions on its big brain, for thy private gnarlings? But I am weary, and must seek rest. I will be true to my best self through every counter wind and tide. Knowing that my art is divine, and meant to serve the highest purposes of the soul, I shall not sacrifice my artistic conscience to a threadbare coat, but will guard my ideal as the sacred host in the purest tabernacle of my inmost soul. Ah! beloved mother, far in the fatherland, fold thine arms again about thy boy, and soothe him to rest! Thou shalt never know of the scanty meal and desolate hours! I forget them all now, Mütterchen; thy soft touch lingers tenderly on my brow; thy loving eyes bend over me! I am not ashamed of these tears before thee, mother. God bless thee! God bless thee, and keep thy son as worthy of thee as in the pure, blessed days gone by!

October 29th.—A note came to me from Dr. A—— to-day, enclosing the address of a friend of his, a Mrs. Irving, who is looking for a music-teacher for her niece. The Doctor said a good word for me, and the lady expressed a desire to see me.

Towards evening I repaired to her house. When I entered the parlor, the gas was not yet lit, and the atmosphere of the room was subdued and mystical. I slid abstractedly into the nearest seat, for I was surprised and awed by the opening strains of a song of Robert Franz—a song little known, and *knowable* only to the few. It begins with the following stanza, the words of which were enunciated with a wonderfully pure accent:

*“Nun die Schatten dunkeln,
Stern an Stern erwacht,
Welch' ein Hauch der Sehnsucht
Flutet durch die Nacht!”*

The song tells the story of the twilight hour. We wander out into Nature, and at the first step stop in awe, for we find ourselves on the threshold of a land so mysterious and holy that we feel we need baptism before we pass the sacred portal. The first vivid glow of the sunset has gone; we pass into a realm of delicate, intangible beauty, where every atom of atmosphere floats on ethereal golden wings. The opalesque sky bends tenderly towards the yearning earth; the purple shadows descend softly in the dreamy air, and mystical depths of lustre melt away in the violet light. The first notes of this matchless song breathe the very awe we feel as we enter the mysterious sunset realm, and at last, through ever-quickenings modulations, the impassioned soul soars and floats away beyond the veil! And here is the peculiar province of the German “Lied.” Its best mission is to translate into tone, not so

much a *nameable* sentiment, or emotion, as the vague, inquiring bliss, or melancholy, of a *mood*. It demands not so much a framework, as an atmosphere—outline, as color. It is one of the prophetic messengers that Beauty has at her will, and expresses not so much what is said as suggested, possessed as perceived. I had heard this song before, given with the mere sensuous enthusiasm (how often mistaken for an *intelligent conception!*) that a pleasing melody produces on a discriminating ear; but now for the first time I listened to it from the lips of a poetess, who entered into the very spirit of its inspiration. And that delicious voice! The tone was aromatic, and held its peculiar quality as purely as a flower its perfume,—a quality rich, searching, and lazy,—the luscious indolence of tropical skies, hammocks, and pomegranates, in whose dream and languor slumber fire and color. As I listened, my sympathy with the song and singer became so intimate, that I moved unconsciously nearer; but the last strain was hardly finished, when the hands fell in broken, startled chords upon the keys (had I spoken?), and the figure vanished through the open door beyond. I had hardly regained my seat, when the servant entered and lit the gas. Every thing in the room took now a positive outline, and that moment of free joy seemed already like a dream. Before I left the house, satisfactory arrangements were made, and to-morrow I give the first lesson. I discovered, too, that my future pupil and the poet-songstress are identical. A pleasant prospect is in view for me. Once in the street and alone, imagination filled her framework with many a pleasing picture. I saw a

delicious landscape to-day, and longed to buy it. It would have been like hanging perpetual summer on my walls; but, alas! one must have bank-notes to exchange for summer. Ah, poverty is a wretched companion! A philosopher can endure it, perhaps, and moralize over it; but to the luxuriant nature of the artist it is sickening. It lays an icy finger on his warm, free pulses—stands ugly and gaunt at every door of his soul, and with sour visage and relentless gripe scares back the messenger he would send forth. But there is compensation for all things. Beethoven, disappointed, poor, and unrecognized, wrote "*Es ist so schön das Leben tausend mal zu leben.*" Aye, it is indeed beautiful to live a thousandfold life. Blessed is he who is gifted with a palate capable of appreciating all the rich and delicate essences of existence! Many a fellow-creature, the pet of fortune, might envy me the fine pleasure of those five minutes this afternoon in the parlor in G—— square. Born to music, and initiated by that birth into the sacred mysteries of her high altar, the gates of Paradise are open to me, and beyond, I taste the joys of disembodied spirits while yet in finite chains. The celestial vision comes to most of us in some form, perhaps, but only to those initiated by birth is the blessed privilege through *music* vouchsafed. That voice brings a nectar memory. When shall I hear it again?

October 30th.—The lesson is over. It is an event to record, and events are rare things with me. I have always ridiculed journal-keeping as a merely sentimental pastime, and now, behold! forced by my promise to L——, I have begun the

practice myself. Is it profitable though, this constant self-analysis on paper—this maintaining in daily numbers, forever “to be continued,” a chronic history, of which one’s self is the perpetual hero, the pivot on which life itself turns? It is very possible that the occupation is a selfish one, but Heaven knows few such are granted me! To begin with my “event,” the lesson in G—square. Firstly, I have seen the poet-songstress face to face, and shall proceed to give a descriptive outline of her, to which I may refer hereafter to quicken memory. The head is massive, but noble in form. The hair is gathered loosely back from the brow (not hauled and tortured by Fashion’s hand), and has that combination of rich color and fineness of texture which belongs to a vital and refined organization; it has, too, the natural wave which denotes obstinacy and warmth. The features are irregular, but the smile transfigures them with a living light which vanishes before you can seize it. The impression I received through the physique of the soul was that of *color*. Force and richness of nature seemed to me to speak from the brow and eye and in the smile and voice. The young lady is certainly not pretty, however, but possibly beautiful at times. I brought her, to-day, a nocturne of Chopin as a good text to the delicacy of her ear and sentiment. She read it slowly at first, for her eyes are unpractised, but she seized the melody and modulation with a surprising quickness. The execution was often deficient, but in spite of the imperfect mechanism, she conveyed something of the fire and longing that breathed from the notes, and gave the delicate touches, where the soul

in its impassioned confession bases its tenderest pulses, with a rare sensibility. I recognized her, in all this, to be a true *Musik-Kind*; but her musical education has been loose and insufficient. It will require hard study to perfect, but I feel a certain keen pleasure in the anticipation of moulding such rare material. How the nocturne delighted her! Never having heard it before, she felt in it all the excitement of a fresh revelation. It is said that no piece can be appreciated upon first hearing. True in one sense. There is in all true greatness a noble reserve which yields only to the clearer vision of the reverent seeker; but the born musician holds in his own peculiar organization the responsive pulses of all harmony, and through his fine sense flashes *instantaneous* recognition, though the fuller appreciation of the detail comes with subsequent study. In the course of the lesson, this afternoon, I asked my young pupil if she really cared for music. She gave me a quick, searching glance, then said quite simply, "I love it above all else. *You* will not misunderstand me, and think me affected." "Do others think so?" I asked. "Why do you ask me?" she replied; "you must know that music is at best but a worldly ambition, or a pleasing entertainment in the ice-cream line, to most people. I have never before met any one to whom I could express my real feeling about it." I had suffered myself in the unsatisfied need of musical sympathy, and knew how to answer her. "It is true," I said; "there is no *reverence* for music nowadays; but guard your own worship sacredly. You may yet become a priestess, perhaps, if you only keep

pure your faith." Her face kindled, and her eyes filled with tears. Ah, what a revelation those tears brought! I comprehended it, and was deeply touched. Well, these lessons are going to be a true enjoyment to me. I find in my new pupil a satisfaction seldom vouchsafed to me—that of a positive musical affinity. But she will find me an exacting teacher. I shall put her through many a tedious exercise, till the mechanical is no longer a hindrance, as at present, but a medium. I wish I knew something more of her history. She does not suit the gaudy house and her fashionable worldly relatives. There is a fresh fragrance about her as of new-mown hay and clover. I wanted to hear her sing again, but hesitated to ask her. I shall gain courage some day, however, for hear her I must!

January 6th.—I moved, to-day, into a pleasanter quarter of the city. Through the kind recommendations of Dr. A—— and the Irvings, I am constantly gaining pupils, and find myself in a most hopeful frame of mind. Truly the mission of a music-teacher may be a noble one. If he is faithful to his trust, he holds an important service in the work of a higher civilization. But here, in America, music is a *business* held in no very high repute. "He is only a poor Dutch musician," is a phrase which throws us beyond the pale of society into ignominy. Society is not entirely to blame, however, that she is shy of accepting musical artists as companions to the young people of either sex. When the artist forgets the noble laws of the higher life, and descends into the poisonous atmosphere of the lower arena, he deserves to be an

outcast. It sickens me to see men gifted with noble powers, who might be the pure apostles of a divine art, corrupting themselves with low habits, getting down on their knees to crawl through the loop-holes of humbug to success, and sacrificing their artistic conscience to gain a hasty popularity. Out with them! They may win applause to tickle their vanity, and gold to fill their pockets; but they are no true artists, because no true men. Not until the artist's only narcotic be the divine intoxication of the ever-living waters, will there be the purest inspiration and the grandest work. For Art must serve the Infinite. Only through those laws which gravitate to the Divine shall her servant be worthy to interpret her higher meaning. In the past, Art, to succeed, must be the slave of Royalty; and Apollo was represented *en per-ruque*, à la Louis Quatorze. The artist of the nineteenth century would make her serve his own private monarchy, but her contempt of his trick shames and confuses him. Beauty has no respect for private telegraph-wires. She will only serve the highest spiritual liberty. But all talk about art is mere prattle, and we are but at the crowing of the cock in any real knowledge. My favorite pupil, Miss Estelle Irving, is making fair progress. The two hours of the week spent with her are a pleasure, not a labor, and make me forget the drudgery of the other days. The lesson, however, is by no means all smoothness; it opens generally with many a dry exercise. "How I hate them!" the young lady exclaims, and tries to hurry them on; but I permit her no such indulgence, and, turning back to the first page, require a careful repeti-

tion. Sometimes she bears the ordeal with heroic patience; again, she looks like a naughty child that deserves the dark closet. This afternoon she was in a sensitively musical mood, and fluttered restively under the mechanism of the noble art. For her inattention I inflicted the punishment of a few satirical remarks delivered in my most chilling tone. I watch the effect with infinite amusement. With her sensitive, warm organization, the quickened pulse throbs to the surface, and she has not, like me, the phlegm to hide its quiver. So I have the advantage of her. If I reprove her kindly, she softens, puts on the sheepskin, and promises with a child's impulsiveness to do better. If I am cold and critical, the nostril quivers proudly, and the lips assume a pretty *moquerie*. Sometimes she throws a direct glance at me, and says, "Do you think I'm afraid of you?" again she turns my words to her own advantage. As often she says nothing, but the attitude and expression affirm that, though somewhat excited, she is fearless. I like her in her little bristling moods, and, if I had the right, would treat her as a naughty child should be treated—would take her in my arms, tease her, laugh at her, and possibly mingle kisses with the taunts. But having no such pleasant right, I try to make my professional dignity as impressive and becoming as possible. The cloud is dispelled, however, when the music begins. Ah, what a subtle language music is—a freemasonry in itself! Its sacred secrets are forever concealed from the uninitiated, but its children under all skies recognize its sign, and through the unmistakable revelation claim each other.

June 28th.—Since my last date, Miss Irving has dismissed her Italian singing-teacher, and taken me in his stead—a change which I certainly approve of. This afternoon I brought her that exquisite tone-wreath, Schumann's Opus No. 48. I was completely charmed with her interpretation. She forms, with the quick insight of a poet, a distinct conception of the peculiar significance of each individual song, and embodies that meaning into a living and eloquent message. It is a dangerous business, however, this duett performance. We cannot enjoy what is dearest to us with another in so subtle a sympathy, and not be stirred to the quick. When playing her accompaniments, I come into the most intimate musical communion with her, and the fire that flows through my veins out to my finger-tips sends a kindred glow into her eyes and tones. In certain excited moments I feel that a man might gladly die, and give up, if necessary, the promised white robe and harp of Paradise, to gain the love of a woman with such a soul. She is so beautiful, too, when she sings. Her dark gray eye burns or softens with the passing emotion, and the whole face glows with the pure light of passion.

“Ah! to hear or see her singing,
Scarce I know which is divinest.”

I could have fallen on my knees and wept tears of sweet delight, but it would have been homage, not to her—not to her—but to the holy Muse that speaks through her. “Oh, what a pleasure it is to sing to your accompaniments!” she

exclaimed this afternoon; "and how enchanting these songs are! The idea of translating them! The words and music of a people should never be separated."

"Certainly not," I replied. "In the true German 'Lieder,' the poetry and music are a unique inspiration. Heine used to go to Franz with his fresh poem, and exclaim, 'Ah, Robert, here is a child of mine that must be married.' And Franz comprehended the soul of the child, and, touched and enkindled, married her to tone. Often the very inspiration of the music is born of the poetic glow that burns in the poem. The light and shade, the flash, the tint, are modulated to the words; the very temperature is the same. Franz's songs are neither descriptive nor dramatic. They are mostly moods, enwrapped in themselves. When listening to his music, you float away with a dreamy, swaying tide, where no positive outline is visible, no destined haven in sight. On and on you are borne through an atmosphere whose color and perfume permeate your very being, filling you with a vague hope and misgiving which is half delight, half pain." "And that divided pain and pleasure you Germans call *Wehmuth*—do you not?" she asked; but before I could reply, she said, with a sudden way peculiar to her, "Do you like ballads?" "Certainly," I replied; "they are the domestic tone-poetry of a nation. Indeed I like good music wherever I find it. The history of a people's life-experiences is written in its music." "It is so refreshing," she exclaimed, "to find a musician who is not bigoted in his art. Most of them affect an exclusiveness which is as narrow as the sectarianism of the

churches. And yet it seems to me that the artist, above all others, should have the power to perceive beauty where the duller sense finds only a fog of commonplaces." "Yes," I answered, "the true artist should be a true democrat. But it is getting late," I added, looking at my watch. I turned from the eager face, and the following moment found me on the pavement. Here, at last, is a true woman in the larger sense! We men tire of the eternal sweet woman who smiles forever at our elbow. We want in woman a touch of grandeur and fire to rouse, mingled with the tender that softens. The maiden of G—— square has a rare scope of nature. With the brain to grasp great ideas, she unites the glow of genius and a fine delicacy of intuition. She possesses, too, that rarest of charms among the modern editions of young ladyhood—perfect health. Ye gods! what a privilege is the acquaintanceship of a woman who is never afflicted with indigestion! To come in contact with a clean soul acting through a clean body! *Migraine*, with its inevitable languors; the constant weariness which assumes constantly reclining attitudes; the capability of fainting at any required moment, are qualifications apparently quite unknown to this nineteenth-century Hebe. Why do the artistic heroes and heroines of to-day claim morbidity as the prerogative of genius? Why are the disciples of the arts, who have continual gastric complaint, considered more gifted and poetical than those who are so unfortunate as to have sound stomachs? A vital question, this. Dear Journal! I see that my favorite pupil is the almost constant topic of these pages. I return

from her luxurious home to my naked room, and make a minute record of the hour spent in her presence, to gain a double experience of it. I admire her; yes, there is no denying it! She appeals to my tastes and gratifies my artistic instincts. She has, too, a fine breadth and independence, which stimulates like the keen breath of mountain-air. She has grown up like a wild plant, with no wise hand to prune and direct; but the plant has a rich juice in its veins, and bears no puny blossom. The man who takes this woman to his heart must be vastly strong, patient and tender. She will inspire, enlarge, and refine him, and give him divine emotions. She will also sting, torment, and contradict him. He may be charmed with the friskiness of the wild Merlin, but he will find her hard of management. The task would give full play to his powers. An attractive, challenging task! It makes the blood flow swifter to dwell on it. Heavens! am I mad? Come with me, my Journal, to the mirror. What do you see there? Is that grave, colorless, commonplace face likely to charm an artistic maiden? Now turn from the contemplation of the person, to the surroundings of this lord of creation. And this is the home he would offer the Peri of his choice! Now, if I were fortunate and well-favored—but I am a fool even in thought to couple our destinies. It is well that an inexorable Fate divides us. She stands over my shoulder now as I write, a smile of ineffable scorn on her grim visage.

February 24th.—To-day I brought Miss Estelle some of Bach's music. She was quite unacquainted with it. I placed

before her the "Alemande" of Suite No. 2 in C minor, worthy to be the ancestress of all pure sonatas. She caught its spirit with her usual insight, and accented the rhythm, which in Bach marks the ebb and flow of emotion, with a marvellous nicety. Intuition taught her what study reveals to few. Then I gave her the second minuet of Opus No. 1—a musical dew-drop. Ah, thou great Sebastian! even we, who so love and reverence thee, can never scale the grandeur of thy heights or fathom the pathos of thy depths! I found, upon my return this evening, an invitation from Mrs. Irving to a musical soirée at her house next week. Do I owe the honor of this attention to the recent discovery made by this worldly lady, viz., that our family-name bore originally the prefix of a "Von"?

March 2d.—The soirée is over, and was considered a success, I believe. There were various musical performances, many of which were unmeaning, but all were followed by lively plaudits, and ecstatic murmurs of "How sweet!" "How delightful!" Vocalists and instrumentalists proceeded to their performance with an air that evinced they considered they were gracing music, and not *vice versa*—a troupe of modern Jack Horners, each with his especial plum, and each in his own especial style heralding forth his own dimensions. The hero of the evening was a young American who has lately discovered himself a genius. When called upon to perform, he took his seat at the piano with an air worthy of Gottschalk, and sent beaming smiles into his audience during the lingering process of divesting his hands of their kid coverings. Of course, he first attacked the instrument in a series

of dashing original (?) chords—(why must we always have this preliminary *splurge?*)—and then proceeded to his piece. He played his own compositions in preference to those of his brother masters; and his choice seemed to gain him an almost reverent admiration. He has faculty, but lacks that surest sign of real worth, modesty. He will be popular, however, for he will descend to Humbug, and will live *by*, not *for*, Art. I watched him as the specimen of a type, and lost myself in thoughts of the departed great ones, who went about among men unknown, unsought, bearing in their souls the consciousness of a holy power, but humbly acknowledging themselves only the imperfect instruments of the Divine purpose. Among the instrumental performances was Beethoven's duett in F for violin and piano. The performers executed it neatly, but its inner meaning was Chaldaic to them. My God! when will revelation come? When will men and women be pure and great enough to interpret the glorious gospel of this divine tone-prophet? His works are becoming fashionable now; but how seldom we hear a virtuoso who reproduces his music in its real simplicity and grandeur, without paralyzing its nerve, without extinguishing the celestial fire that burned in the Titan-master's soul! The prima donna of the evening was a young lady with a clear, powerful voice, who certainly deserved credit for the dexterity of her roulades and the purity of her trills. This tight-rope dancing of an agile larynx gains for the performer a decided popularity; but does the heart beat quicker at the perfect mechanism? A brilliant execution is certainly a most admirable thing, but one would be willing to forego it somewhat

for a little more poetry and originality of conception. Most singers learn their song by rote, commit to memory the spots where they must scream, gasp, sigh, or smile, and the thick-skinned public accepts the sham sensibility for a reality. And yet, how wretched the semblance! We do not realize it till some genuine touch of Nature rouses the real heart of humanity. Thank God, the modern Prometheus, though somewhat tamed by civilization, is not yet in chains! Miss Estelle sang an Italian aria this evening; for she knew that a simple song of Franz or Schumann was too pure and significant for the comprehension of a stylish American audience. How charmingly she looked! She was dressed in a simple white muslin, her only ornament a damask rose gleaming in her hair; but the glow of its tint was not warmer than the light in her eye, or brighter than her smile. Yes, she is beautiful—with a beauty that torments while it fascinates; for you can neither seize nor explain it. My eye never lost her, though I was crafty in the espionage. I noticed that another watched her as closely as I—the young officer whose feet followed her motions as boldly as his eye. He certainly has many charms—a fine head and face, orientally dark and flashing, and a manly, graceful figure. But his most eloquent charm was a wounded arm. Who would not willingly suffer the pang of bullet and surgical knife, to win glances so dewy with approval? Miss Estelle has no lukewarm patriotism. To her, the United States soldier is the champion of a great idea, the hero of a noble crusade. But *this* young officer! Were those looks only for the military hero? Did no sweet personal emotion mingle with the undisguised interest? He

seems to be intimate in the family, and has probably frequent access to her society. A young woman might easily be magnetized by his Eastern eyes. They looked well this evening as they stood together; his handsome head bent slightly as she looked up, sending the light of her smile into his face. As I watched them, I became convinced of a fact that I have mocked at and denied, viz., that I loved her utterly, and that to live for, or without her, were the only prospects that lay in the perspective of my future—a lifelong happiness or a lifelong sorrow. But I will cast the madness from me, at whatever cost. In the meantime, I will procure a likeness of myself; also one of the handsome officer. They shall hang side by side, and I will make the contrast a constant study. A good sedative, this, for the imagination!

March 16th.—Only two weeks since my last date, yet they seem two years. To bury our life-dream is a slow process. God grant I may dig the grave deep, and leave the spot unmarked. Only three more lessons in G—square! I have proved myself an admirable drill-master of late, have devoted three-quarters of the hour to the study of exercises with a grim enthusiasm. I can breathe her atmosphere, and hold my place unyieldingly, but (must I confess it?) I cannot listen to her soulful voice, and hear from her lips impassioned confessions, thrilling diminutives, tender promises uttered through music—which, a supreme passion in itself, *passionates* all it embodies—and be sure of myself. However, an iron will can accomplish much. *Nous verrons!* I went this evening to the Aschers', hoping to have a cosey hour with them; but I found company in their parlor. Very

soon I was requested to play. Feeling unmusical, I politely declined. Then I was suspected of affectation, and Mrs. A—— gathered renewed forces to attack me. At first I was courteous, finally grim and short in my refusal, and, as soon as possible, slipped out through the door into the street. Alas! a musician cannot own himself. Society considers him only her plaything, to be used at her will for her own entertainment. There is generally some consideration shown for the poet or painter, when he affirms that he has no inspiration for his work; but the musician is universally treated like a machine. He must be ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to serve up ragouts for the ear of Society with as much precision as her cook serves her palate. It is a pity he could not do up his sentiments in curl-papers overnight, and roll them out the next day at the required moment.

April 2d.—There is a faint odor of May-blossoms in the air to-day, and the blessed Spring is stealing in upon us with quiet feet and radiant brow. This afternoon, as I entered Mrs. Irving's parlor, Miss Estelle greeted me with these words: "Oh, Mr. Ehrthal, I have found such an enchanting *opus* of Schumann! Come quick, and play the accompaniment to this gem of a song." Curious and expectant, I seated myself at the piano, and for the first time heard the exquisite "Lied," beginning,

*"Hörst du den Vogel singen,
Siehst du den Blüthenbaum
Herz, kann das dich nicht bringen
Aus deinem bangen Traum?"*

The music is a twin-language to the words,—the aching question of a wounded heart for hope—the tender appeal of a great grief to Nature for pity and help. She gave it with a significant accent, that made me look up at her, and ask myself if any real sorrow could ever have touched that fresh heart; but I found no shadow on the clear brow. The words were strange and fateful. Did she choose them to mock me as I came out of the springful air? For an instant I devoured her with my gaze. During that instant a wild impulse seized me to clasp her to my aching heart. Ah, God! no traveler of the desert fierce with thirst ever craved water as I craved the touch of her hand. I gazed at it, in its sweet helplessness, and would have died to have gathered it into mine and covered it with kisses. Thank Heaven, the madness lasted but an instant, and, with a commonplace word of approval, I put by the song and began the lesson. I was never more cold and critical. I did not permit my thirsty senses to linger in the dream of any subtle charm, but centered all attention on the notes, and required from my pupil an equal concentration. God help us all! Life here is at best but a short affair.

April 8th.—To-day, my last lesson in G—— square. We tried over again, this afternoon, the “Sopran Arien” of Bach arranged by Franz. My pupil’s accent suited itself to the very spirit of whichever piece she performed. How subtle this thing called accent is! Culture may give a smooth execution, talent and sensibility may give expression or feeling (neither of which is passion, however), but this spontaneous

accent, in all its variety, belongs to genius. It is intuitive, not acquired. It is the pulsation of the soul, that not only can perceive, but create. Miss Estelle has a true *musical organization*. Among the many who possess musical facility of various kinds, how few inherit this wondrous gift! How few even divine all there is of subtlety and power, of bliss and pain, comprehended in those two words! Ah! is it an enviable heritage, this birth to music? Is not life full and overpowering enough, to the dullest temperament, that the nerves need be such eager and vital messengers?—Well, I have said good-bye to my gifted young pupil. Now that space as well as all else separates us, I can throw off the torturing spell—perhaps be glad to know her happy as the wife of the young officer. The words on paper send a pang of sickening anguish. My philosophy is not so solid as I thought it.

May 3d.—This morning I took a long walk, as usual; then returned home, and held my religious services within my own four walls. To-day, however, I stepped on the threshold of a “holy sanctuary”—to listen to the closing hymn! The music was Schubert’s “Lob der Thränen.” There is no doubt about the beauty of the melody; but what an inexcusable appropriation of it! The piece was intended by its author for a solo, was written to a certain idea, inspired by a certain sentiment, and should be reverently left, in its primal simplicity, to its intended meaning and mission. No good composer writes a song without being first moved by some unique thought, dream, or emotion. To

this poetical conception he dedicates his own work, and for this dedication we should at least have a degree of modest respect. And yet an ignorant, inartistic public, enamored of sweet sounds without the slightest comprehension, apparently, of their *especial* significance, seizes a solo—meant only *for* a solo, a love-song, perhaps, a *personal* regret, hope, or reverie—cuts it into four parts, and unites it to the words of some especial church creed, or some drinking-chorus, without any consideration whatever for the author's own intention. In an equally barbarous manner concerted music is diluted into solos. Symphonic movements, too subtle for any language of the sense, are arranged by the G. F. Roots of the community for some ecclesiastic organization, Romanistic or Puritan; duos and quartos, expressing rage, jealousy, love, despair, are selected from the different operas, and sung to-day in the churches everywhere. And yet our noblest composers have left us a wealth of true church-music, whose very inspiration was born of some grand religious idea or devotional sentiment. With such music attainable, the church choirs substitute Verdi's operas in its stead, and the public not only tolerates, but approves. Verily, they have not yet learnt here the A B C of the true mission of music. There is no reverence, no real comprehension; and the pretended connoisseurship would be ludicrous, if it were not so sickening and so saddening. Ah, my beloved Art! God be my witness, I have been true to thee. I am weak to sue for thee, but it will be glory enough if I may stand guard over thee, to shield thy pure robe from any profaning touch. This evening I worked

at composition, but heart and brain were too restless. Sometimes I wish I had been born a plodding, practical man, any thing that would spare me these quivering pulses, these hopes and despairs, these heights and depths. Ah, the artist-life! what a mystery! While the matter-of-fact men—and God be thanked for them—with feet planted firmly in the solid earth, go on in a straight line, wrestling with present practical realities, and content with to-day's experience and gain—the artist, an instrument whose cords must vibrate with the ebb and tide, the air and sunshine, the common joy and sorrow, that the weary world may be consoled, inspired, liberated, lives ever with the unseen hope in a twofold existence, working from within outward. And that within—ah! who can fathom it! To-night I am too bitter and restless for sleep. I bleed on the thorns of life! You have prided yourself on your strong will and good sense, Herman Ehrthal! Will you now forfeit all claim to those admirable qualities?

May 20th.—This evening I heard Herr —— play for the first time. What poetic comprehension! what living fire! I felt it a blessed privilege to listen to him, and I told him so; for I am always proud and glad to acknowledge the true in art wherever I find it. I am not easily satisfied, to be sure, and often grumble when others applaud. Mrs. Grundy calls this grumbling the ebullition of jealousy; and people are afraid often to speak their real thought for fear of her tongue. What a near-sighted creature this same female is! How little she comprehends that the true artist loves his art

infinitely better than himself, and that, far from feeling a petty, ignoble jealousy, he glories in her true advance and success.—A letter from mother to-day. That, and ——'s noble playing, make me happy to-night.

May 30th.—Four weeks have gone by, four weeks of drudgery ; but duty is an ennobling master. The Spring is really here in her fullness. I feel, shut in by these stifling walls, like a fish thrown out on dry sand hearing in the distance the sound of rushing streams. Since sunrise I have been singing, from out of my brick-and-mortar imprisonment, Handel's divine song from Rinaldo,

*“ Lascia ch'io pianga, la dura Sorte
O che sospiri la Liberta ! ”*

This evening, on my return home, I found a note from Mrs. Irving, inviting me to join Dr. A—— on a little visit to her country-home. It seemed an answer to the song, and “la Liberta,” clothed in a radiant robe, beckoned to me from the fields beyond. I went directly to see the Doctor, and promised to join him. So I shall see her face again, and hear her voice ! It may be rash ; but I feel a moth's madness for the light, and, to bathe myself in the alluring fire, am willing to accept the moth's destiny.

June 3d.—Here you are, my Journal, under the roof of a luxurious house ! How do you like the change of position ? How glorious to be again in the country ! Through the crystalline clearness of the fragrant air the eye catches free

sweeps of sky and earth, and the soul expands in the noble space. The young Colonel is here on a visit. But this evening I had Miss Estelle quite to myself. Mrs. I—— proposed a whist-party; the company repaired to the adjoining room, and I was left alone with my young hostess. She sang *our* songs with an enchanting *abandon*, and gave me again a new revelation of them. I, too, was musical, nerve and soul, and played many things at the bidding of my charming companion. Then, through the avenues of subtilized sense, the gift of creation stole in entrancingly upon me. Beyond the open windows I caught glimpses of amethyst skies and moonlit paths, that seemed to lead back into the mysterious horizon-land. The passionate souls of the night-flowers breathed themselves out upon the air in a ravishing, languishing fragrance, that entered my blood like a burning charm. Compassionate angels whispered heavenly promises into my ear; celestial visions visited me, and took form under my fingers. I know not how long I played, but I awoke from the intoxicating dream to find my companion sitting near the window, with that rapt expression of face and attitude peculiar only to him or her to whom music is *supreme*. I had hardly risen from my seat, when the company entered from the adjoining room, and the spell was broken! Ah, this evening she was mine in a peculiar sympathy. The handsome young officer may have sweet privileges that are denied to me, but I have a power to move and thrill her which is my especial secret and possession.

June 4th.—Ye gods! what enchanting weather! O ineffa-

ble, immortal Spring! All day Goethe's delicious "Frühlingslied" has been singing itself in my brain.

*" O Erd! O Sonne!
O Glück! O Lust!"*

This afternoon we had a sailing-party. Miss Estelle sat apart from me, but she kept me always in the circle of the conversation, and drew me out of my habitual reserve into discussion and description. She sang, too, on the water, the song I asked for; but the Colonel was at her side, and took eager care of her. Once, in wrapping her shawl about her, he touched her hair—only a touch, but it maddened me. For a short moment I wanted to get down under the water—anywhere, anywhere, where his happiness would be neither visible nor audible. Thanks to a muscular pride, however, I wore a most serene exterior. In the early twilight this evening, while the others still lingered on the piazza, Miss Estelle decoyed me into the parlor, and, pointing to the piano, said, "In this hour, of all others, I enjoy music; don't refuse me." I gladly obeyed the gracious bidding of my young hostess, for my fingers craved the white keys which alone could liberate my imprisoned spirit. So, while the sunset-light played triumphantly with early shadows through the room, I seated myself at the piano, and many were the confidences I gave my beloved instrument which no mortal ear might hear. When I began to play, I noticed that Miss Estelle seated herself in the alcove of a window near. Afterward, as I raised my eyes, I saw that another had joined her; but even

with the glance came a fierce resolve. "He shall not hold her," it said. Undoubtedly, superb eyes, mellow tones, graceful gestures, and a bullet-laden arm make an impressive *tout ensemble*; but I, who have none of these, do yet possess a power that he knows nothing of, and through it I will draw her from his side to mine, like a magnet. And now my theme suddenly changed. Through a network of harmonies, ravishingly sweet, startlingly questioning, I modulated into a wordless song, every note of which, as it dropped from my fingers, carried a drop of life-blood with it. I knew that no sound was lost to her exquisite sensitiveness, and that she was throbbing under the mysterious influence. Another moment, and she rose, took a seat somewhat nearer, and dropped her head in her hand. The song flowed on, but now it took another form—became wild, almost defiant, yet always imploring. Closer and closer she came, leaving with every step her handsome admirer further behind her—she the bird, I the serpent, and a very devil under the serpent-skin. If I were doomed to be her slave, I would not lose my freedom for nothing. I kept my eyes on the keys now, and did not know she was so near, till a faint perfume of violet (for she always has violet about her—oh! the subtle, bewildering power of odor-association!) first announced her closer presence. This perfume, which is so a part of her, sent to my pulses a mingled thrill of bliss and anguish. For an instant I was dizzy, but the instant over, I felt a keener force than before. Yes, I had triumphed, had drawn her to my side, and, knowing I had the power to move her, I gloried

in exercising it. The wild, mystic spirit of the Teutonic legends entered into me; now lambent flames leapt and played among the notes; now I was whirling on in the bewildering revelry of the dizzy waltz—my arm about her, bearing her on with me in the dreamy maze. She was mine—mine now—so near that her hair stirred with my breath, and I need only whisper to be heard. But suddenly she melted from my arms, and, with a mocking laugh, vanished. Then I became mad, despairing; and yet—and yet, I knew it was all but a dream, for I saw her step nearer, and heard the rustle of her dress at my side. With a sudden impulse she drew my hand from the keys, and said, in quick, faint accents, “I beg you to stop; you are restless and bitter. Your music makes me so unhappy. I cannot bear it.” That touch! soft as the fall of dew; a helpless, appealing touch; but it thrilled to the quick. I turned from the piano. “Since you will not permit me to continue,” I said, “and the cry is still for music, you must sing. But you must play your own accompaniments this time, and make no mistakes. I am in a critical mood.” An instant since, and she was soft and imploring; now she was gay and defiant. With a mocking reply, she seated herself at the piano, while I crawled into the recess of a window near. After singing one or two ballads, she modulated into the key of *A bémol*, and sung that divinest of love-songs, that very epitome of all heart-inspiration, Schumann’s “Widmung.” At first the music awoke in me only a keen desolation; but it was the misgiving of a renewed faith. On the wings of her heavenly tones I soared into an atmosphere

whose very breath was spiritual intoxication. All pangs, all doubts, all despairs, were now but mocking shams, and the divine ideal became a fact to my innermost conviction. Ah, can woman love as she *sang* she could? With the last impassioned phrase, "Mein besseres ich!" I crept through the window into the still garden, for I was in no mood now for commonplaces. The night was radiant. The moonlight filled the air with an ethereal lustre; the faint murmur of the water—an endless minor-note—came up through the deep quiet, and the flowers sent perfumed words on swift wings to every heart that could translate the language. I wandered to a summer-house near the bank, and seated myself within. I do not know how long I remained there, for I had been lost in thought; but suddenly I heard the sound of voices. It died away, then grew clearer as the speakers drew near. Suddenly they turned the curve by the summer-house, and stood a moment at the door, though the low hanging branches almost screened them from view. Then a voice, whose deep tones were unmistakable, said, "No, no, Estelle; you are not to blame—you have known me long and loved me as a brother, and I was a fool to expect any thing else; but—" and here he paused, then added, impetuously, "You must answer me one question: Do you love another? Tell me—you *must*." She did not reply at first, and the silence stung him. "You shall not leave here," he added, passionately, "until you answer me this." Then she said, quickly, "Robert, you have no right to say '*shall*' to me. Let go my hand; you hurt me. We ought to go in; it is

getting damp, and I am chilly." "Yes," he replied, in scornful accents, "I see you are trembling. My suspicions were right, then; you have become enamored of the pale-faced Dutchman. You, with your name and position, would give yourself to a poor musician—a foreigner, for aught you know an adventurer—a—" But something in her look stopped him, and she replied, "Mr. Ehrthal is a noble man, and a gentleman, and worthy of the true love of any true woman. At present he is our guest, and any disrespect to him is incivility to me." Her voice was low, but it cut the air with its clear tones. She moved on; he followed with an eager movement, and said something, but I did not catch the words. I was startled by what I had heard. I came quietly up to my room, but not to sleep, for thought and feeling were never more awake.

June 5th.—The Colonel left this morning. Mrs. I—— gave a lunch to-day to a few invited neighbors, and I had my part to perform towards the entertainment of her guests. I suited myself to my audience, and gave them light but good music. And after all, what is the meaning of this sanctimonious horror of light music among the so-called *recherché* connoisseurs? Do we despise the sparkle of wit and humor?—the exuberant good-nature of animal life? Some merely *frisky* music is delightful. There is an affluence of joy in mere existence. Nature herself is full of sport, and why should we despise this phase of her life in its expression through Tone? This afternoon, as I was sitting under the vine-shade of the southern piazza, reading, Miss Estelle and a young friend of

hers, a neighbor, seated themselves at a window near. I could see them, but the luxuriant vine hid them from view. I continued reading dreamily to the indistinct murmur of their voices, when suddenly I caught my name uttered by *her* lips. Was it weakness that I stopped to listen? "His first name is Herman. He is full of genius, but he will never be popular; he is too highminded and modest." "Modest?" said the other voice. "Why, there is a hauteur in his look and manner that makes me afraid of him; and then, what a veiled fire there is in his eye! I know he has a bad temper." Miss Estelle laughed. "Now, I find his eyes very beautiful, and the proud carriage of his head I particularly admire. He is not handsome, however—something better—noble-looking." Here I rose; I had been eavesdropper long enough. I came up to my room directly, and studied myself in the mirror. I was in excellent spirits, and contemplated myself more favorably than ever before. I have found some favor in her eyes, then! "Not handsome—something better—noble-looking." Pleasant words to sleep on.

June 6th.—Another day to record; but not too quick, oh, my eager pen! After an early tea this afternoon, Miss Estelle and I went for a sunset-walk; but when we reached the water, we were tempted to have a sail instead. In a moment we were off-shore. A soft breeze caught the sail, and carried us tranquilly on as if bound for the radiant horizon perspective beyond. Miss Estelle leaned over the side of the boat, and drew her hand through the water. "I wish I could catch that light," she said. "Why can't we ever have

any thing we want?" I laughed somewhat scornfully. "Why need *you* want any thing? A spoiled child, that has been fed on luxuries, never knew for an instant the pangs of poverty, loneliness, distrust, temptation. And yet you sigh that the very sunbeams should evade your grasp!" "The spoiled child is weary of being pampered and never truly fed. Do you think she is never hungry for deeper satisfactions?" "Yes, deeper satisfactions!" I said; "to be mistress of a palace all her own; to look abroad on fair lands, and say 'These are mine.' In short, to wed a millionaire, and be borne abroad in the finest 'establishment' in the country. A happy life, indeed! All success to her." She turned upon me a flashing glance. "So you think *that* my highest aspiration? Well, you have an ambition quite as unworthy. Under your modest demeanor you conceal a profound sense of your own superiority. A millionaire feels no greater vanity in his palace, than you in the very unpopularity of your position." I had stung her, and she turned on me. She was like a young leopardess aroused now, and I liked to study her under the spotted skin. I made no reply, but, assuming an air of alarming recklessness, pulled my cap over my brow in bandit style, set my "fiery" eyes into a significant stare, and informed her coolly that I had brought her on the water for the express purpose of drowning her. "You see, I have the rudder," I added, "and you are at my mercy. I am very strong, and it is such a delight to exercise power." She caught my defiant mood, and, affecting a little mien of mock bravery, declared herself a match for any enemy. She looked,

now, like a thing made out of fire, so sparkling, so wilful ! And yet I knew how dependent she was upon me. I glanced from the spirited face to the tender form, the soft hands ; then at my own athletic arms, and laughed. Then I gazed into the distant horizon, and wished that my haven might ever be there, so I had her quite to myself. Heavens ! as I turned, I caught her eyes fixed upon me with an intensity that sent my blood in fiery pulses through my veins. A mad longing interpreted the look to suit its own need, but there was no time for hope to become certainty. Again I gazed into the distant sky, and mocked at the wild hope of a moment before. Even as I looked, Nature was rapidly changing her aspect. A little cloud that hovered in the east as we left had now swollen to a full size, and led a train of hurrying companions across the zenith. A cold, suspicious wind crept suddenly over the water, with a noiseless, treacherous step, and chilled like the touch of a sly foe—a guerilla wind, that seemed at times to hide itself that it might at last, all the better, take you unawares. A weird gloom stole on. The lines of the surrounding shores faded gradually away, and out from the lonely deep of the far horizon a single patch of pale, amber light, cast a melancholy glimmer over the gray water. The clouds now gathered thicker and darker, and under their cover the guerilla wind finally aimed its blow, lashed the sail heavily, and threw the water against the boat with an angry motion that growled low as it spent itself. I took in the sail partly, and held fast ; then turned to my companion : “ Well, this is sudden ; are you much startled ? ”

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the reply; "there is something splendid in the commotion; only I hope it won't rain, for just think of my new dress!" "Sad, indeed," I said; "but accept the possibility of something even more tragic—a hurricane, torn sail, broken boat, and the pathetic finale of two bodies drifted ashore 'in the morning light as the tide went down.'" She laughed. "How touching! Who would be worthy to write the epitaph?" The wind calmed itself suddenly now, but the air was still penetrating, and I noticed that my companion drew her mantle about her with an eager movement. I slipped off my coat and threw it to her. She would not accept it. I had drawn in the sail, and had fastened it well, intending to scud to shore. My hands were free now, and I resolved to have my own way. I put my coat about her. As I did so, I felt that the "new dress," alas! had met with the dreadful fate; it was quite drenched. A longing pity seized me. "How sweet," thought I, "could my arms be her shelter from the coarse wind! my heart her warmth in the gloomy chill!" I am usually king of my impulse, but there are moments in life fraught with a significance so appealing that we are thrilled, possessed, conquered. The soul neither thinks nor reasons; only lives, defies fate and circumstance, and quenches a lifetime thirst in draughts of a joy that comes perhaps but once this side of the grave. How did it happen? I do not know. I only know that I meant simply to wrap my coat about her; but the coat dropped from my hand, for our eyes met in a kindred glow, and the lips joined in the first sacred wedlock of true mates

sanctioned at the Invisible Altar. A superb moment, that grasped in its flight the bliss of angels! The storm, which had been but the passage of wind-burthened clouds, died away as suddenly as it came, and we drifted calmly with the tide towards home. The house is closed now, and through the window I catch only the heaving murmur of the wind and waves. I do not woo sleep. Sleep is a thief, who would rob me of a consciousness which I am loth to part with.

June 7th.—This morning Estelle was occupied, and I wandered off alone into the still woods. To the musical artist all joys, all pangs, all hopes, all longings, form themselves into a harmonic rhythm preciously significant to his own intelligence. So my great happiness became a heavenly melody, to which Nature was the orchestral accompaniment. Why is there a melancholy in all our deepest joys? Is it the cry of the immortal soul from out its finite bondage for the fuller liberty beyond? In the abandon of a sweet madness I threw myself under a tree, plucked the tender leaves, pressed them to my burning lips, and for the first time since my early boyhood shed a flood of delicious tears. The first tears of the lover! They alone can rival for sweetness and melancholy the first tears of the artist. This afternoon I took the train for the city; and behold me again in my lonely apartment. I would fain have lingered, but duty is an inexorable tyrant.

June 12th.—A note from Mr. Irving to-day. He absolutely refuses his consent to my engagement with his niece. I expected nothing else. There are two kinds of separation:

that of body and that of soul. The last, nothing on earth can bring about. For the present, I must feed on the fair promise of the future. In that I have faith. In the meantime, till the blessed realization comes, work—work—work!

Here the Journal ends. Herman Ehrthal received, very unexpectedly, June 14th, a letter from Leipsic, offering him the position of *Kapel-Meister* there. This compliment did not elate him in the least, as he declared that it was due to the influence of a few musical friends abroad, and did not signify any recognition of merit from the Society who presented the offer. He accepted it all the same, however, as he recognized fully the worth of such an opening for work. He sailed June 23d, with the hungry eyes of a lover turned ever towards the retreating shores. He writes that he is working furiously, and that, in spite of various thwarting influences, he is well on the road to success. You might meet him any day hurrying through the crooked streets of the old German city, his cap pulled, as usual, over his brow, his keen eyes gleaming beneath. You would say, as you passed, "That man is bent on an important errand." You would not be mistaken. On this side of the water, you might also meet, any day, in the upper part of this city, a young woman walking towards Central Park with a rapid and elastic tread. She is also bent on an important errand. Her pursuit is health. She has a vivid bloom on her cheek and a warm light in her eye, though her lover is more than three thousand miles away. But her dearest hope is twin to his; so she

loses neither flesh nor temper. It is reported in the circle of admiring men and women, whom this same young woman condescends to smile upon, that she is, both as vocalist and instrumentalist, the most intelligent and the most impassioned interpreter of Schumann in this country. Others assert that they can discover no charm whatsoever in either herself or her musical performances. All parties will be, nevertheless, decidedly startled within the next year at her sudden departure for Germany. She will leave her maiden name on these shores. Verily, that "wave in her hair denotes obstinacy and warmth." (*"Putnam's Magazine," July and August, 1868.*)





WANDERINGS.

THE world lay wide before me. Everything
Shone with the light of newly wakened Spring ;
Each tree, each leaf, each half-unfolded flower,
Spoke to my heart with all-impressive power,
And bade me leave the noisy haunts of men
To seek for pleasure in some lonely glen,
Or on the mountain's top, or in the wood,
Or by some tranquil or some restless flood,
Where'er dear Nature's voice could to my heart
Some holy truth, some heavenly life impart ;
Where'er her teachings could my spirit raise,
To speak with leaf and flower my Maker's praise.
And forth I strayed. At first my wandering way
Led where the river runs with ceaseless lay ;

And as I listened to its rippling tide,
 It seemed no more the sound of waves that glide,
 But like a silvery voice that sung this song,
 As through the vale the river flowed along:

From a tiny cave in the mountain side,
 The mountain so wild and high,
 Where the forest waves with majestic pride,
 Where the wolf, the fox and the serpent hide,—
 From that tiny cave sprang I.

Through the quiv'ring leaves fell the golden light
 Of the sun's enchanting beam;
 The wood-bird came from the mountain height
 And bathed his plumage, so fragile and bright,
 In the flood of my crystal stream.

On, on I went dancing gaily along
 Where the path was all untried.
 Though the rocks oft raised a barrier strong,
 I laughed at their might, and with noisy song
 I leaped o'er their mossy side.

But soon the calm valley before me lay,
 In loveliest verdure arrayed,
 And through it in many a winding way,
 While the children came to my banks to play,
 I gaily and happily strayed.

Yet forward I ran. When the day had gone,
 And the world was hushed to rest,
 Through forest and plain I still rushed on,
 Unceasing, untiring, for sleep would not come
 To quiet my restless breast.

And now on the air there comes the wild roar
 Of the ocean's white-capped wave!
 Each moment is bearing me on to its shore;
 I fain would retreat, yet I'm urged forth the more.
 Oh! is there no power to save?

The song had ceased. The voice whose thrilling tone
 Had spoken to my inmost heart was gone;
 The ripples danced upon the river's breast,
 And their low murmur seemed the voice of rest.
 Yet far away I heard the ocean's roar,
 I saw the waves dash high upon its shore,
 And knew the river's tranquil flow concealed
 The voice that had its wild despair revealed.
 And then I thought of human hearts whose tide
 Seems ever calmly through the world to glide;
 Yet underneath the clear and placid breast
 Are thoughts and feelings that will never rest;
 And waves of Love and Joy and dark Despair
 Roll high where oft the surface seems most fair.
 Then on I passed until at length I stood
 Where all around me rose a lofty wood.

Beneath an aged oak, whose branches wide
Cool shelter from the noon-day sun supplied,
I laid me down and listened to the breeze
That sported gaily with the broad green leaves.
Yet, as I heard its gay and laughing tone,
To me it seemed to speak of days by-gone,
Of many a frolic wild, and revel gay,
Within the wood where now it breathed this lay :

November has come with its chilling breath,
The flowers had faded and fallen in death,
The leaves were all sere;
And meadow and forest and grove, once so gay
In the cheerful light of a Summer day,
Looked solemn and drear.

The moon floated on through the star-gemmed sky,
Like a queen riding forth in her majesty,
Stately and slow;
Not a cloud was sailing round her way,
To hide with its folds her placid ray
From the earth below.

In the heart of the wood was a quiet glade,
Where the withered leaves from the trees had strayed,
And lay in repose;
But when the shadow of evening came on,
They woke from their slumber, and one by one,
They gently uprose.

The calm little glade looked tender and bright,
 In the silvery glance of the Queen of Night,
 And the leaflets all,
 With a joyous voice cried out to the breeze:
 "Bring music to-night, that the forest leaves
 May dance at their ball!"

And the breeze came with melodious sound,
 And the leaves whirled round o'er the frozen ground
 In dances gay;
 Then wilder and swifter on came the breeze,
 And wilder and swifter round flew the leaves
 At the sound of its lay.

Dark clouds were gathering thick in the air,
 While the winds were upspringing fast from their lair,
 With destroying breath;
 But the leaves heard not the wild, warning cry,
 As they whirled around with mad revelry
 In their dance of death.

The air still faintly quivered, and the leaves
 One moment trembled in the dying breeze,
 Then all was still. Yet though the zephyr's song
 Had passed away, with me it lingered long.
 To me it spoke of those whom Pleasure's power
 Had conquered in some unprotected hour.
 Though in their higher moments they hear the Father's voice,

Bidding them come and in his love rejoice,
 Yet they pause not in their revels till death has overthrown
 Those idle joys for which they lived alone.
 My heart sent forth a prayer, and then I turned away
 And wandered forth in many a winding way,
 Until I stood upon the ocean's shore,
 And heard its billows' wild and mournful roar.
 The waves dashed high upon the rocky steep,
 With sound as thunder-tempest loud and deep ;
 And as they onward came with foaming crest,
 And wave on wave in wild confusion prest,
 I looked and listened with delight, and stood
 Entranced before the never-ceasing flood,
 As they rushed onward towards the waiting land,
 And swiftly ran along the glittering sand.
 My heart was full, and joyfully it sung
 The thoughts and feelings that around it clung :

Mighty ocean, far extending,
 Seeming with the heavens blending,
 While the fair earth, round thee bending,
 Loves to touch thy wave !
 Thou unto my listening spirit
 Speak'st of joys it shall inherit—
 Joys beyond the grave.

Oh ! thou great and boundless Ocean,
 Like thy restless, endless motion,
 So my life is all commotion,

While this earth 's my home.
 But when death shall come to take me,
 From my troubled dream shall wake me,
 Light and peace will come.

Ocean! with thy wavelets dancing,
 And the sunbeams round thee glancing,
 And the vessels gaily prancing
 On thy sparkling breast;—
 Thou art like those happy hours
 When my life is wreathed with flowers,
 And my longings rest.

Like thee, when to earth returning,
 For her loving welcome yearning,
 Gladly all allurements spurning,
 Swiftly dost thou come.
 Thus my soul with fervent longing,
 Feelings deep within it thronging,
 Nears its heavenly home.

Restless heart! be not repining,
 Though the sun may cease its shining,
 And the darkness seem entwining
 Closer round thy way!
 Soon thou 'lt find thy longed for Heaven,
 Soon to thee the light be given
 Of an endless day!

MAY 20th, 1855.



NIGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

THE sea, scarce murmuring, slept in peace,
Though full of glory bright as noon,
Which through the clouds—a silvery fleece—
Gushed down from the resplendent moon.

Melted in blue the distant flood,
Like jewels gleamed the sparkling sand,
And I alone, in solemn mood,
Paced up and down the silent strand.

Oh! what in such a silent night
Will through the human bosom throng,
Was never felt by day's broad light,
Was never told in earthly song.

A breath mysterious seems to creep
 From Heaven upon the tranquil air,
 A vision o'er the soul to sweep—
 'T is half a smile, 't is half a prayer.

Ah! what sweetness, what delight,
 To rove in sunshine, ever free,
 And the breezes on that height,
 Oh, how refreshing must they be!

Alas! I hear the torrents roar,
 And wild between the billows roll;
 So high they beat upon the shore,
 Misgivings seize my fainting soul.

A trembling bark is floating near,
 But ah! no pilot there to guide:
 Get quick within, nor danger fear,
 Its quickened sails are sanctified.

Thou must believe and venture bold;
 The gods place no pledge in thy hand;
 A wonder only can uphold
 And bear thee to that wondrous land!





THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

HOLY and mysterious child,
Mystic mother undefiled,—
Ages well may bow the knee,
Mute in wordless ecstasy!

Not alone, nor only there,
Where Judea's hills lie bare,
Hath the Eternal Father smiled
On a holy new-born child.

Wise men see the star arise,
Herald of new destinies,
And in reverence kneel to pay
Homage to the child to-day.

Is not Peace proclaimed on earth
Still at every infant's birth?
Scorn and Hate can hardly come
To that blessed, holy Home.

Mother ! ah ! that tiny form
Closely nestling, folded warm,
May a Prince and Saviour be ;
Reverent look on Infancy.

Still the Prophet's voice doth tell
Warning to the Mother's soul,
Of that sharp sword—loving one,
Dost thou shrink from that alone ?

Yes ! thou still must shuddering feel
In thy soul that blade of steel ;
Deep and wondrous mystery !
Thou canst stand to see him die,
Strong in Love's fidelity !





CRADLE SONG.

SOFT the twilight shadows fall,
The birds to the sunbeams tenderly call,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
In the purple lustre rich and rare,
In the hush of the evening, dreamy and fair,
Lovingly folded in mother's care,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Now the busy day is past,
My little darling is weary at last;
Sleep, precious one, sleep!
Quiet the restless, dimpled feet;
Hushed the prattle, so dainty and sweet;
But mother can hear the little heart beat—
Sleep, dearie, sleep!

Had ever baby eyes so blue,
And cheeks like rose-buds washed in dew ?
Sleep, darling, sleep !
While twilight wanes in slumber he 'll lie,
But soon will awake with a tender cry,
And smile with delight to find mother nigh—
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Bending low in a languor of joy
I drink in the breath of my angel boy—
Sleep, precious one, sleep !
Deep where the heart-throbs come and go,
I fold him tenderly, tenderly so,
Murmuring blessings soft and low—
Sleep, baby, sleep !





ONE OF THEM.

WE sat beneath the wooden bridge,
As in a sheltering tent,
And saw the waters leap the edge
In glorious descent.

The school-boys, ruddy-cheeked and brown,
Stood round in lightsome mood,
Nor saw the Wondrous Presence there,
The Spirit of the Flood.

And yet, O yet, on one—thought I—
A deeper influence stole,
Touching the slumbering chords that lie
Even in the childish soul.

For from that sweet and thoughtful eye
 Beamed forth a mystic light,
A light that ever on life's way
 Will shine through darkest night.

And when in later years his feet
 Beside these deeps shall be,
The wonder-joy that floods his soul
 Will seem half memory.

Oh! for some Heavenly influence
 To touch the mystery,
To join the child's unconscious sense
 With manhood's seeing eye!

Niagara, July 22d, 1857.





THE DISAPPOINTED FOREIGNER.

THE great Pacific journey I have done;
In many a town and tent I've found a lodgment,
I think I've traveled to the setting sun,
And very nearly reached the day of judgment!
Like Launcelot in the quest of Holy Grail,
From Western Beersheba to Yankee Dan
I've been a seeker, yet I sadly fail
To find the genuine type American.

Where is this object of my youthful wonder
Who met me in the pages of Sam Slick?
Who opened every sentence with "by thunder!"
And whittled always on a bit of stick?
The more the crowd of friends around me thickens,
The less my chance to meet him seems to be;
Why did he freely show himself to Dickens,
To Trollope, Dixon, Sala—not to me?

No one accosts me with the words: "Wall, stranger,"
 Greets me as "festive cuss," or shouts "old hoss!"
 No grim six-shooter threatens me with danger
 If I don't "quickly pass the butter, Boss."
 Round friendly boards no "cock-tail" ever passes,
 No "brandy smash" my morning hour besets;
 And petticoats are worn by all the lasses,
 And the pianos *don't* wear pantalettes!

The ladies, when you offer chicken salad,
 Don't say, "I'm pretty crowded now, I guess;"
 They don't sing Mrs. Barney Williams' ballad
 Of "Bobbing Round," nor add "sir-ee!" to yes.
 I, too, have sat, like every other fellow,
 In many a railway, omnibus, street car;
 No girl has spiked *me* with a fierce umbrella,
 And said, "You git, I mean to sit right thar!"

Gone are the Yankees of my early reading!
 Faded the Yankee land of eager quest!
 I meet with culture, courtesy, good breeding,
 Art, Letters, men and women of the best.
 Oh! fellow-Britons, all my hopes are undone;
 Take counsel of a disappointed man!
 Don't come out here, but stay at home in London,
 And seek in *Punch* the true American!

23d April, 1872.



THE DESERTED HUSBANDS AND BABIES OF THE WEST.

To the Editors of the "Evening Post":

PERMIT me to present a certain aspect of the so-called "Temperance Crusade" which, strange to say, has so far escaped the notice of the thinking public. I refer to the singular position which woman has attained in this wide-spread public movement. It is not my intention to discuss the "Temperance Crusade" in itself; I simply desire to bring to public notice a question which lies deeper than any inquiry relating to the traffic in liquor, and involves the maintenance of principles upon which society itself is based. The opponents of female suffrage assert that woman has no right to any influence in the decision of public questions, and prophesy that the most disastrous results will ensue from her entrance into public life. Why, then, has there been on these grounds no protest made from any quarter whatever against this temperance crusade—a movement in which woman not only seeks to influence the decision of a public question, but

chooses the most exposed arena of public life as the platform of her activity? Let us respectively examine these two questions of female voting and female crusading.

The sum and substance of the just opposition made to female suffrage is as follows: That woman has no right to have an opinion on public questions, because to embody that opinion in the practical form of a vote would be unfeminine. Unfeminine for this reason: Woman's sphere is "home," and all her activities, mental and physical, should be confined to this, her legitimate arena. Now, female suffrage demands that a portion of a woman's thought, time, and strength should be given to public questions, all of which forces should be exclusively employed in services appropriate to her "sphere." Therefore, surely, female suffrage deals a blow at family life, and through the family at society at large. Female suffrage also involves an exposure to the coarseness of public life, which would greatly endanger the most valuable graces of "femininity." With all of these conclusions I heartily agree; but in doing so I desire to bring emphatically to public notice the fact that every objection urged against female suffrage may be brought against the female temperance crusade. As a "crusader," woman has an "opinion" on a public question, and seeks to embody that opinion in public expression and public protest. As a crusader she attends public meetings, deserts her sphere and neglects the family circle. Indeed, there are several points in which female crusading is far more unfeminine than female voting. The female voter attends meetings in a public hall in the protecting companion-

ship of male relatives. The female crusader, unprotected, attends meetings in the public streets, a situation in which health, morals and feminine graces are peculiarly endangered.

The female voter neglects the family circle for an hour, two or three times a year. The female crusader neglects the family circle for eight hours at a time, day after day, week after week. And it will not do to reply that woman is justified in deserting her "sphere" when she does so in the service of a public reform, for precisely the same excuse may be urged in favor of female suffrage. Indeed, as a voter she would, were she so inclined, not only have ample opportunity to engage in public reforms, but could do so at a much less expense of time and strength than as a crusader. I go further, and assert that the expression of an "opinion" in the form of a ballot, deposited once or twice a year, is less endangering to femineity and family than the expression of an "opinion" in the form of protracted visits to public saloons and prolonged meetings in public streets, where the delicate wives and mothers of men are exposed to the contaminating society of the most brutal class in the community. I am not proposing the establishment of female suffrage. Heaven forbid! I am simply asserting that in this matter of special public reform the "sphere" of woman would be less endangered by an occasional vote than a perpetual crusade. Objections of various kinds have been urged against the temperance crusade, but in no single instance has public attention been called to the "unfeminine" character of the movement, or to the dangerous precedent established in the very fact of

this wholesale public expression of female opinion. For my part, I think that it is high time that a "Men's Rights movement" should be organized, and a committee appointed at once to inquire into the fate of the hundreds of western husbands and babies who have been the victims of this prolonged desertion of the family circle; for while the women have prayed the men have fretted, and the united wail of a thousand infantile voices comes to us from the western cities in behalf of "children's rights!"

In conclusion, I return to the main question. Is or is not "home" the legitimate and only sphere of woman? If it is, then desertion of her duties, on any ground whatever, should be visited with unqualified public disapprobation. All the great authorities, from Archimedes to Huxley, agree in affirming that an object cannot be in its place and out of its place at one and the same time. The object, woman, cannot be in her own and man's place at one and the same time. This doctrine is clearly set forth in the Mosaic account of the creation. Woman's sphere is emphatically the home circle. It is woman's duty to minister at the couch of a sick husband and children. It is woman's duty to have a sick husband and children. The poet says:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

Does he say one word about temperance or the ballot-box?

I hope that the suggestions set forth in this article will at last arouse that "woman of the majority" who has in the

columns of the press so frequently and ably reiterated her willingness to "let her husband vote for her;" and that she will at once awaken public attention to the great danger to which "woman's sphere" is subjected in the temperance crusade. (*New-York "Evening Post," April, 1874.*)





THE POETS ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the "Echo" :

WHEN you sent me to London some few weeks since for the express purpose of obtaining rare bits of information, literary, historic, æsthetic, etc., for the forthcoming sheets of your distinguished journal, I little imagined that it would be my good fortune to be the first to inform the public of certain facts connected with the late *Alabama* question which must at once claim the attention and interest of the entire literary world. These facts I obtained in the following manner: Not long after my arrival in London I sought out the residence of the Poet Laureate, and as the representative of your forthcoming journal (of whose advent the British literati had been already informed) was received with exuberant cordiality. After asking me several questions as to the purpose, scope, etc., of your journal, Mr. Tennyson added, in the most confidential tone, that he would put into my hands

some valuable literary matter he had in his possession, which he would permit to appear in print for the first time in the sheets of the "ECHO." He then proceeded to explain that during the famous agitation of the "*Alabama* question," when Gladstone was trying to decide whether the English government ought to pay \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000 "damages" to the United States, he, Mr. Tennyson, had conceived the project of summoning a convention of English and American poets to decide the solemn question, hoping that the inspiration of genius would succeed where the cunning of diplomacy had failed. The convention was secretly called, and held at the mansion of Mr. Tennyson. A number of British poets were present, but only one enterprising American poet arrived from the States, Mr. Walter Whitman. He, however, brought valuable communications from several American bards, all of which were read and listened to with breathless interest.

Alas! before the Poets' Congress had finished its great debate the *Alabama* question was settled by arbitration, and the Bards, disappointed at having been anticipated by the Diplomats, returned sadly to their respective homes. The convening and proceedings of the "Poets' Congress" have ever since been kept secret, for Mr. Tennyson has intended to publish, at some future day, the report in pamphlet form. His intense interest in the literary success of the "ECHO" has alone induced him to change his plan and give to the columns of that journal some of the noblest specimens of English poetry that have ever appeared from the pens of the distinguished authors they represent. I enclose the identical report, taken down on

the spot by the stenographers who assisted at the memorable occasion. Congratulating you, and the entire literary world, through you, upon the good fortune which has brought such noble and valuable poems to public appreciation,

I remain respectfully yours,

S. L. W.

(REPORT.)

FIRST SESSION OF THE POETS' CONGRESS.

The first session of the "Poets' Congress" was held May 6th, 187—, at the mansion of Mr. Alfred Tennyson. The Poet Laureate, having been unanimously elected President of the Convention, opened the meeting with the following remarks:

The splendor falls on my stone walls
 And all these sons of song and story,
 Each Yankee takes his glass and shakes
 His British brother's hand of glory.
 Sing, Britons, sing! Set all these wild claims flying!
 And answer, Yankees, answer! complying—plying—plying!

The subject having been thus introduced, Mr. Walt Whitman was requested to state, on behalf of America, precisely what she wanted, and as briefly as the United States claims would permit.

MR. WALT WHITMAN.

I am America! I celebrate myself! I am the orchard of God! I am the *Alabama* claims! I claim every thing! I claim Queen Victoria for my servant! I claim all dukes and duchesses for my amusement! I claim the British army and fleet! I claim the British Parliament houses for American lyceum lecture-rooms! I claim the British bishops as missionaries to America's Indians! I claim Shakspeare and Milton as America's poets! I claim the Kohinoor as a stud for America's shirt-bosom!

I've no prejudices—therefore, I say there never was a greater man than Walt Whitman! I am seen by moon and stars! Whip me, oh ye tails of comets! The Archangel Gabriel has smoked a twenty-five cent cigar in my back parlor!

Oh Great Britain, you'd better hurry up and pay down that cash! Everything demands an immediate settlement!—banjos and buffaloes, haystacks and tamarinds!—trees, teapots, catamarans, and waterspouts!—the red man on the prairie, the red cent in the pocket! And I, too—I, who might as well have been born fifty million of years ago, as not!—Yes, I; and no mistake!

I am the man into whom God puts poems—not sneaky, nor sly; but brave and free as a tornado! I permit everything to pass through me—gold nuggets and dirt—the smile of love—pumpkin pies—donkey carts—Confucius, Webster's spelling-book, and Winslow's soothing syrup. If one is true, the other is true. I am me, but I am not myself!

Yes! I claim every thing! All is mine, therefore all is divine (the rhyme here is unintentional). This is all I claim! —This is my psalm!

At the conclusion of Mr. Walter Whitman's remarks, Mr. Robert Browning, the combined fire of poetry and patriotism scintillating in his eye, sprang to his feet and replied as follows:

Go! there, go! my heart's abhorrence!
 Bring in your damned orders—do!
 If hate killed men, you Yankee poets,
 God's blood! would not mine kill all you?
 What! your purses and your brains need filling—
 So you bring in these monstrous claims!
 You want our—every thing—if we are willing!
 Hell dry you up with its flames!

After these conciliatory remarks, Mr. Martin Farquahar Tupper proceeded with a few aphorisms:

I.

What is money? Is it not the root of all evil?
 Why, then, O America, do you ask for that which will only do you harm?
 It is better to be poor, O America, than to be rich:
 For poverty, with virtue, is far above riches with vice.

II.

Riches are deceitful; they are like Jonah's gourd.
 They spring up in a night and perish in a night.
 Therefore, America, do not ask for money.

III.

Do we not speak the same language?
 Is not English our common inheritance?
 If we have money, then you have it also.
 Why, then, desire to get it from us, O inconsistent America?

I am Tupper! Listen to me, for I utter proverbs!
 My opinion is, you had better not ask for quite so much money.

At the conclusion of Mr. Tupper's soliloquy, Mr. Tennyson read the following communication from the venerable American poet, William Cullen Bryant:

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
 When Gladstone cannot take his wine nor Dizzy drink his beer;
 For the ghosts of *Alabama* claims, which they had reckoned dead,
 Come to disturb them at their meals and scare them in their beds.
 Printing-House square is glum as death, its mirth all passed away,
 And from its perch the "*Times*" complains through all the gloomy day.

Where are the days, those blessed days, when Davis was your friend?
 When the rebellion seemed secure and the Union at an end?
 Alas! those days are in their graves, your pirate ships are taken!
 The cotton bonds have gone to grass, and you find yourselves mistaken.
 November comes with fog and gloom, but the cold November rain
 Calls not from out the heaving sea those pirate ships again!

And now when Mr. Adams comes, for still such men will come,
 The calm, mild man, with bill in hand, across the ocean-foam,
 Asking for damages direct, and indirect beside,
 And dropping hints at what might hap if these should be denied;
 Old England misses that prestige whose glory late she bore,
 And sighs to find it on the land and on the sea no more.

And so I think you'd better pay, and do it with good will,
 Call at the Captain's office, friends, and settle up your bill.
 It's hard to have the "Union" live and have to pay us, too,
 But then, in my opinion, it's the best thing you can do!
 And not unmeet, perhaps, it is that the profits you have won
 Out of our ruined commerce should perish with our own.

Mr. Bryant's letter was hardly concluded when several British poets sprang to their feet to reply. A rhythmic ado and miscellaneous melliflence ensued, which was highly musical but scarcely intelligible. When Mr. Tennyson had succeeded in calming the excitement, Mr. William Morris obtained the floor, took a roll from his pocket, and proceeded to read a poetical version of the Mahabharata in 1,500,000 lines, which lasted four hours. Mr. Swinburne followed with a collection of love poems, whose extravagance the Saxon mind was unable to tolerate. The audience had hardly succeeded in suppressing Algernon, the "only one," when a solemn figure appeared on the platform and, announcing itself as the ghost of Wordsworth, read the following sonnet:

Believe not, young America, in pelf,
 But rather dream of higher themes than this!
 Of that which gives the spirit to itself,
 Leading to generous good and noblest bliss.
 For ofttimes when a Bourbon or a Guelph
 Gladdens our heart with taxes we rejoice,
 And lift from earth to heaven our happy voice,
 And each taxpayer is a gladsome elf.

For we have kings, which you poor wights have not.
 Ask not for money, then, but rather seek
 To be like us, contented subjects, meek,

Blessing the hours which give such quiet lot
 To us, whose strength consists in being weak,
 In lofty castle or in lowly cot.

For I have heard of Washington—a man
 Who, though a Democrat, was truly great.
 In war a prudent chief, in things of State
 Composing all his life by wisest plan.
 Thus, with a leader good your world began
 Its large, historic course, though somewhat late,
 And yet 'twas not your fault, this recent date
 Which puts you under our poetic ban.

New things may be endured which can't be cured,
 And we will tolerate your novelty.
 While you, in time, will grant us willingly
 Your Alabama damage to abate.
 And, in our condescending love secured,
 Admit your claims to be extortionate!

At this juncture of the convention a herald arrived bringing the news of the successful arbitration at Geneva, and the Congress was at once dispersed. The stenographer of the occasion, who had made a careful report of the proceedings, left all his papers in Mr. Tennyson's hands, and thus the "ECHO," through the skillful mediumship of its "special correspondent," has been enabled to make known the fact of this secret deliberation of the poets in behalf of a great public question. The proceedings of the Poets' Congress are to be published in pamphlet form and will be sold at our office. The first edition is already bespoken, but every effort will be made to supply all further demands

(*"The Echo," 14th and 15th April, 1875.*)



ONE OF THE "UNDESERVING" POOR.

(A Sketch from Life.)

THE mercury stood at zero. A sharp wind hurled blinding gusts of mist through the streets, and growled at the doors and windows. A night, as Emerson has it, for

"Housemates to sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

The thermometrical view of winter might be depressing, but the interior domestic view was full of cheer. The mingled light of lamp and fireside penetrated into the shadowy corners of my sitting-room with tremulous effulgence, and transfigured the little centre-table to a vivid fresco. I was alone and intent upon my worsted work—a pointed wonder of Penelopean patience—when a sharp ring at the door startled my

nerves and knitting-needles. "There 's a man below, ma'am," said Bridget, at the door; "he wants to see you, but, ma'am, he look awful wicked." Once face to face with the "wicked man," I confess to some apprehension as to his intentions. He was a suspicious-looking visitor,—past middle age, with coarse features, massive jaw, and hard, deep-set eyes. There was no touch of feebleness or fanaticism in the face,—only one quality, daring,—and evidence that it had been used to bad ends. His voice was thick and monotonous. "I 've got a wife and six children, and I 'd like some money to get food." There was nothing obsequious in the tone. This is no ordinary beggar, thought I, and an unpleasant misgiving seized me that perhaps he was a robber or a prowler for some "gang." "I 've a wife and six children," the dull voice repeated. I looked again at the cheerless face and shivering figure, and simple pity dispelled all fear. "My poor man," said I, "you are cold, and perhaps hungry; come to the kitchen fire." He followed, but said nothing, and his dogged manner again aroused apprehension. But I had gone too far to retreat. While he crouched over the fire, I laid some good store on the table, and half-scared Bridget made him a cup of tea. However true his story as to having a large family, there was no doubt as to his having a large appetite. He was always silent, however, and followed my movements with a stolid fixity of gaze. When he had quite emptied the dishes, he rose, turned his hat awkwardly in his hands, said huskily, "Obliged to you, marm," and moved to the door. "Wait," I said; "I 've sent for a coat for you.

When the coat came, he put it on, stared with unmoved countenance, and muttered, "Thank you, lady"; but to my renewed enquiry about the wife and six children, made no reply. As he stood there, I thus reflected: "This man may be wicked, and is consequently friendless. If you have any real faith in Christianity, believe in it *radically*, and go to the root. Don't offer him condescending pity, but straight-forward friendship; try the simple, practical effect of the "Love-your-neighbor system." With this reflection seemed to come a sudden insight into the deepest need of that clouded soul. Here was evidently one of that most hopeless class of "miserables"—"the *undeserving* poor." He merited nothing, but needed much—his most vital need being a human friend. "My poor man," I said, "I think I know all about you; you have led a wrong life in many ways; you are poor, and often desperate. You think you are an outcast, and that it makes little difference what you are or do. But you must not think that any more; I care for you, and I will be a friend to you. Come to me to-morrow, at nine o'clock, and I will try to give you some work." For the first time the hard face stirred, a half-contemptuous sneer varying its fixed sullenness of expression. Seeing that he suspected me of ridiculing him, I repeated the same words with more emphasis than before. At this his dull eyes sent a sudden keenness of glance into my face, and with an expression of surprise, pathetic in its sincerity, he muttered, "No, no—can't be—you don't know as who I am, lady." "You need not tell me about that unless you wish," said I; "I know you need a friend, and I

will be that to you." He stared again, and his lips moved, but I did not catch the words; I only saw with joy that a glimmer of softness, pale and fugitive, came into his eyes as he turned, and, in utter silence, shut himself out into the cold and dark. I returned to my cheering fireside to "toast my toes and reverize"; but my meditations were soon broken in upon by Bridget, who exclaimed, with evident disgust, "Sure, there 's that bad a-lookin' man come back, ma'am, and wants to see you again; but, ma'am——" I did not wait to hear the rest. There he stood—turning his hat as before in his hands—and looking as wicked and loaferish as ever. But on nearer approach, I detected a keen pain in his face—the look of some feeling striving, with terrible obstacles, in the pangs of protracted birth. The face, never handsome, was now absolutely hideous with the stir of some new emotion in embryotic state. Noting his embarrassment, I spoke first. "You 've something to say to me—don't be afraid—no matter what it is, I mean to be your friend." He hesitated, and then, in slow, stammering sentences, said: "I aint use to be treated as how you 've treated me; folks allus speaks rough, and shuts doors on me—cuz—cuz I 'm a poor-lookin' cuss; but *you* did n't; and—well, I 've been a-walkin' round here, and I 've come now to say it 's all a lie about a wife and children; I haint got no one belongin' to me. You said as how you 'd be a friend to me; and well,—I guess I 'd like to take a new start." With eager gladness, I bade the "wicked man" come again to the kitchen fire, and there, seated by his side (Bridget was at the gate talking to her

cousin), I heard something of his story. But only *something*. Tom Hickman had no Irish volubility—being an Englishman by birth. This much I learned, however, that the pleasantest remembrance of his life was the kindness of his mother, who died when he was a little child; that his father deserted him; that he was a vagrant during childhood and youth; that he had been married, but his wife had left him because he drank and was “hard” to her; that he had had a little girl, who died when two years old. Ever since he had been off and on work in England and America. He confessed to having been three times in prison, and, “My God, there’s much more not for your ears, lady.” When he rose to go, he said: “On your own biddin’, ma’am, you said as you’d be a friend to me, but mebbe—mebbe—well, I’m an *infidel*!” “It’s a great comfort to believe in a God, Tom,” I replied, “but if you have not that comfort, you need all the more a friend.”

In about ten days, Tom Hickman, who had a great aversion to “bein’ ’mong other folks,” began a retail confectionery business for himself at a small stand on the corner of — avenue and — street. His pecuniary success was a somewhat shocking revelation of the amount of second-rate confectionery, “penny-a-stick,” consumed weekly by the half-price community of that neighborhood. From that time till the following November, Tom pursued his calling, but not without episodes of difficulty and discouragement. He did not learn to be good in “six easy lessons.” Twice he disappeared for a week or more at a time, and, on several occa-

sions, he was known to be unduly hilarious on grog-shop whiskey. Yet, on the whole, he made, through divers vacillations, a steady advance. And I think he was penitent for his misdeeds. He never said so exactly, but he dropped his head when he saw me, and once he said: "I aint worth your trouble, ma'am; I try, but—well, I 'm a poor cuss." One thing, however, was absolutely certain, that this "having a friend" was the saving influence in this rough man's life. He was apparently entirely devoid of any religious faith, yet nothing could be more touching than his trust in his one earthly comfort—his human friend. The unwavering sense that, in spite of his past, in spite of feebleness and failures, in spite of poverty and loneliness, there was one human being who cared for him, one human being who believed in a better possibility for him—stood for church and priest—and was the only influence which seemed to enkindle any desire in him to lift himself into some better action and newer life. This faith—his only one—was no mere mental assent, but that illimitable confidence with which we cling, as in love, to that which implicates the very life.

Tom Hickman made few friends,—geniality not being one of his virtues,—but he was content with his limited circle of acquaintance, that circle being—myself. He was exclusive in his selection of intimates, and I never heard of his frequenting society, with the exception of the weekly evening call which he made at my house. Upon these occasions, he always presented the stiffest of shirt-collars. This I considered the most encouraging of omens. For starch in the

linen indicates hope in the spirit; limp linen, on the contrary, is the forerunner of despair. These evening calls, I confess, were not a very lively social experience to me, for Tom's conversational powers were extremely limited, and after the first greetings and questions were over, a dull monotony set in. My gaunt *protégé*, however, enjoyed himself hugely on these occasions. He not only looked cleaner and happier, but was gradually getting an air of self-satisfaction which verged on self-conceit; and his consciousness of my approval of him was becoming almost obtrusive. Not that he said anything,—he seldom committed himself,—but his looks gained all the more emphasis in the prolonged silences. During these long pauses, he would sometimes look at me and—grin. (I use the term deliberately, for the grimace was certainly not a smile.) Sometimes he presented me a fresh cocoanut cake, done up in brown paper; again, he varied the gift with a pretentious-looking group of highly colored candy cherubs serenely secured to some sugar foundation. Whether the said foundation represented Heaven or Earth would be difficult to tell; but, let us hope that some Caleb Plummer, working at candy toys (for Caleb believed in the possibility of earthly cherubs), intended deliberately to place the roseate images on "*terra firma*."

One evening Tom brought a little girl, about six years old, to our house. She was the only child, he informed me, of Pat the rag-picker, who lodged at the same "hotel" where he did. At my request, he placed the child in a chair, but he addressed no remarks to her, except when she was shy in

answering my questions. At those times he turned to her, and said, half gruffly, "Speak up now"—accompanying the words with an encouraging lozenge which he drew from the depths of his pocket, and stuffed, with celerity, into her mouth. Of course this form of encouragement put an effectual stop to the very replies he desired to elicit. This little girl—Katie—became at last Tom's constant companion, and might frequently be seen behind his stand aiding him to—dispose of his goods! His habitual taciturnity did not abate with his diminutive intimate, but he entertained towards her some wealth of emotion which compelled him to slip new pennies into her hand and peppermint balls into her mouth! She was a feeble-looking child, and I had an uncomfortable apprehension that these daily gratuities in cheap confectionery had something to do with her pallor. But when I remonstrated with Tom, he always replied: "But law, ma'am!—she *likes* 'em!"

Early in December, having missed Tom's weekly call, I went to look him up. The stand was gone. At the tenement-house where he lived, I learned from Mrs. Maloney, a fellow-lodger, that he was ill. When he heard I was below, he sent for me. I found him sitting up in bed with a rough coat about him—in a room which was very tidy and very redolent of cheap tobacco. He said he had been feeling bad for several days, but had kept at work until within a day or two, when he felt so "*weak* like," he had to "turn in." "But I'll be better soon," he added. That better day was delayed. The typhoid fever had Tom already in its clutches,

and grappled long with his powerful frame. We did what we could to make him comfortable, and posted a good nurse at his bedside. When the delirium was on him, the past, with its haunting memories, seemed to awaken all the dormant brute in his nature. He battled with imaginary enemies, and talked, with fearful oaths, of his "bully jobs" with by-gone pals. But, when the fierceness had passed away, the better nature, which of late had been gaining ground, returned with hints more touching from the startling contrast.

I will pass over the fever and unrest of those first days of suffering to the time when the strong man had become as helpless as a child. Of late he had been very patient, and his occasional irritability was followed by remorse disproportionate to the offence. He always talked of "gettin' well" again; but one afternoon when I entered, he said: "Oh, ma'am, I 'm gettin' dreffle weak—you see I can't eat nothin' now, somehow." That day he was very quiet, and knowing he had not long to live, I wanted to get at his thoughts. Long since, I had discovered that "religion" was a very disagreeable topic to him; and only the day before, when Pat spoke of the "praste," he turned,—weak as he was,—sharply upon him. Sometimes, in his moments of unrest, I had sung to him some simple melody—for Tom was fond of music, and had a great opinion of himself as an accordeonist). That afternoon I sang softly, "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—that epitome of religious aspiration. When I paused, he said, "That 's a hymn, I suppose—well—it 's got a nice tune

to it anyhow—I 'd like to hear some more." I sang it through again—"Sure, that *is* a good tune," he said, "and them 's good words too, for them as believes in 'em—but—you see—I haint believed in a God this many year. Though I cussed His name when I had bad luck—but when you was a singin' so nice, it all kinder seemed more true like—but—but—if there *is* a God, *I* aint fit for His mercy." I tried to tell Tom that he had a soul not only fit to live but unfit to die. I could not solve all the doubts he raised, but I fell to singing the last verse of the immortal hymn, and some emotion, born of divine authority, swept all the doubts away. "Oh ma'am," said the feeble voice, "it 's a comfortin' thought to believe in another chance—well, when I was a chile, I used to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' or somethin' like that, to mother—but that 's long ago—long ago." Here he seemed to fall into a dream; then he added: "I 've been a poor cuss—I know that—but if there 's another chance! And you say Tom Hickman—(Bully Tom was my name)—is the Lord's child!" Here his rough face caught a touch of exaltation. Some beatitude of hope had dropped into his soul. Perhaps he had "got religion"—not the thirty-nine articles necessarily—but some sudden illumination through which he became, at least for that moment, the child of an invisible Beneficence, though he dared not name it "Father." From that day, he often asked for the hymn. Poor Tom! the storms of life had blustered him out of his perspective, but at last he caught glimpses of a serene remoteness. What matter how distant, if he only *knew* it was there?

The Christmas holidays, with their bright festivities, returned, and still Tom lingered in life. Christmas morning brought with it a sky that dripped brimming with sunshine. It was too cold to snow, but the masterly draughtsman, Winter, had other work to do. All over the windows he had fastened, with marvelous delicacy in vigor, a miracle of intertwining forms—an exquisite frost-garden of china-asters, anemones, and countless varieties of graceful ferns. The air was still and so sparkling that merely to breathe was a poignant pleasure to the sense. It was noon before I could get to see Tom. When I reached the house, the first object that met my eyes was little Katie, standing at the top of the gloomy staircase, hugging a small doll, whose brilliance of attire was in startling contrast to the Cinderella-like appearance of its owner. Tom had given “daddy” the money, she said, to buy that doll for her Christmas present. From the glad face of the child, I entered the sick-room, and found Tom, happy to see me, but very much changed. “Well, ma’am,” he said, “I guess it’s pretty nigh over,”—the words were weak and broken,—“but I’ve been havin’ pleasant dreams to-day—more nor once I thought I saw mother a-standin’ there; then I thought I was a-sayin’, ‘Now I lay me down to sleep’—it was a dream, you know, and I was a chile again.” A long pause here. Pat came from the back of the room, “Sure ye’ll send for the praste now?” he said. Tom did not hear the words, but he caught sight of Pat. “Pat, I’m glad you’ve cum—I’ve business with you;” then turning to me, “Pat’s been real good to

me, ma'am—he's sot in the cōrner a spell a'most every day since I took worse. Will you get the key from under my pillow, and open my bag, and get a brown paper package?" This package contained Tom's extra earnings, to the amount of five dollars and thirty-seven cents. "Now, Pat," he said, "I aint goin' to live, you know, and I haint got no one belongin' to me, and I'm goin' to leave my fortun' to little Katie." Pat took the money, muttered the name of every saint, and was about to withdraw, when Tom's feeble voice recalled him. "And, Pat, you give my love to Katie (we had kept Katie away on account of the fever), and say she wont stan' 'hind the counter with Tom any more; and Pat, you give Katie those pop-corn balls and lozenges what I 've got on hand; and"—here the voice sank, and Tom lay very quiet awhile. Presently he said he wanted to be turned, for he could n't see my face. I came nearer. "Tom," I said, "this is Christmas day, and I 've brought you these flowers for a little Christmas present." He smiled a faint, helpless smile, and then, "Why, ma'am, I 've *had* my Christmas present—I 've been a-thinkin' that all day; do you know what 's my present? Why, *you* 're my Christmas present; you 've been so all along. You was kind to me when I had nobody, and you stopped this hollow feelin' here"—his hand to his breast—"and you 've cum to-day again; them flowers is nice—but *you* are my Christmas present—when I had nobody—you—you—" Here the voice ceased, and another pause followed. Presently his lips moved—"Sing." In subdued tones, my voice broke the silence of that death chamber. It was a scene not easily for-

gotten. Pat sat rocking himself to and fro with Celtic ardor—Mrs. Maloney muttered over her rosary, and little Katie, who had crept unbeknown to the door,—the gay doll still clasped close,—stood motionless, as if awed by some unfamiliar mystery. Tom began to wander again—he fixed his eyes on me, and called me “mother.” “I ’ll be a good boy, mother—try me—this once.” Then groping feebly for my face, his head dropped on my shoulder, and the spirit of Tom Hickman passed beyond the veil. I laid him back, and smiled, through tears, to see how like a child’s the wasted face had grown. In the spring-time, says the poet, we hear the grass grow. At the bedside of this ex-“jail-bird” I had seen a soul grow. Daily I had sat at divine service—for is not all growth a sacrament?

In the parlor of my comfortable home lay my Christmas presents, in plentiful variety, and I thought of poor Tom’s humble content with his one “present”—a simple gift of human helpfulness. Ought not the humble gratitude of this outcast, with his one drop of comfort—the touch of a friendly hand—to rebuke imperious desire, and draw the sting from any failure in our private hopes? Outcast? And who casts such out? Not God. Tom Hickman did not belong to “our set,” I suppose, but in his most unpopular social position, the Lord, less exclusive than Mrs. Grundy, claimed deliberate kinship with him. The Paternity of an Infinite Tenderness has given him another “chance.” For Tom Hickman learned at last to hold to some Divine substance. Was there not Immortality in that recognition, and his answering gratitude?



LOVE IS WEAK.

LOVE is weak,
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains,
A joy to seek.

When love is strong
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste
No greed nor strife belongs.

So much we miss
If love is weak; so much we gain
If love is strong.
God thinks no pain too sharp,
Or lasting to ordain, to teach us this.



SWEET SPRING TIME.

THE sweet Spring time was at its prime,
The breath of ripe blossoms was blown on the air,
The voice of the trees sang a song through the leaves,
Of a promise which made the earth most fair.

And the blue above and the green at our feet
Glowed depths of lustre unknown till now,
And a flood of delirious music sweet,—
You remember?—resounded from bough to bough.

Through shadow and gleam, with hand in hand,
We wandered on and asked not where ;
We only knew the fresh meadow land
From the fragrance that stirred and fainted there.

But flowering meadow and odorous breeze,
And the shimmering light of the quivering leaves,
Were not in thy thoughts that day, I deem,
O eyes with their secret waking dream !

Now Summer has flown—the Autumn is past ;
The Winter has flown on its icy wings ;
The violets bloom again at last ;
From the budding bough the robin sings.

I wander alone through meadow and grove ;
O sweet Spring-time, if you have returned,
Give me back, give me back that day of love,
O eyes that glowed ! O hearts that burned !





“GEORGE ELIOT.”

IN “Romola” there is almost an excess of analysis and too little dramatic movement; too much reflection, though of a highly imaginative sort; too little creation.

There is a tendency in George Eliot towards a too discursive and expansive manner. Yet perhaps in “Middlemarch” concentration would have deprived us of some of the best things in the book; of Peter Featherstone’s grotesquely expectant legatees, of Lydgate’s medical rivals, and of Mary Garth’s delightful family.

If her purpose is to be a generous rural historian, she has succeeded well; and this very redundancy of touch, born of abundant reminiscence, is one of the greatest charms of her work. “Middlemarch,” merely as a picture, is deep-colored, many-tinted—crowded with admirably depicted episodes, vivid imagery; lacking master-strokes and a vigorous sweep of outline. It is not compact, perhaps, but panoramas are not

apt to be compact. It is a treasure-house of details, but not so perfect a whole as her other works. George Eliot's mind is preëminently analytic and contemplative, and naturally her manner is sometimes too discursive.

There is a constant tendency in her thought to generalize behind her observation; and this may, while it gives value to her conclusions, mar a little the perfect simplicity of narration. In her, imagination is poised by a power of critical penetration rarely found in its fellowship. While she holds with admirable accuracy to the facts of the time she portrays, she has a broad reach of vision, that grasp of the subtle reality behind fact, that shows her not only historian but poet. And the keenest historian is he who sees with the eye of the poet. In this respect she stands alone among English romancers. Fielding approached her, but Fielding was didactic, and she is philosophic.

Her earlier novels are more artistic in their simplicity, and perhaps "Silas Marner" is as a whole the most perfectly wrought and balanced of her creations. It has a delightful tinge of Goldsmith's unconscious grace. Her later novels, especially "Middlemarch," have an echo of Messrs. Darwin and Huxley. She seems in many passages to be discoursing too clearly—to be recommending herself to a scientific audience. Her style, rich and flexible as it is, is apt to betray her in these transcendental flights.

Sometimes she seems to bring too many figures into her novels. They advance to the foreground and sometimes encumber the stage with too ponderous a dialogue. Yet these

figures, however numerous, are never mere puppets—they each add some tint to the rich natural coloring of the whole. Every figure, however obscure, seems to have grown mellow in the author's mind.

Her men are not the fanciful creatures that stalk through the pages of female novelists, but are living beings, whose tread has the firm, strong sound of the masculine foot. But she does not confound masculinity with coarseness, as was Charlotte Brontë's wont; she illustrates, as in the noble figure of Lydgate, the combination of exquisite delicacy with a sagacity, an ambition—a consistency peculiarly masculine in its character. In Will Ladislaw she gives us a very opposite type of man—a man with feminine but not womanly qualities. There is a hint of *dilettanteism* in him that brings into sculptured relief the bold outlines of Lydgate's figure.

Again, George Eliot's women are wholly different from the women of any other novelist, male or female. Fielding, Thackeray, Reade, Dickens, have given very vivid and charming figures of women; but they are all women such as men paint, loving to exaggerate the traits of femininity which appeal to the masculine sense of prejudice. They amuse or charm with their womanish graces; but they do not inspire and ennoble with their womanly virtues. In George Eliot's women, while they are wholly natural, there is an indefinable aroma of moral power, a certain moulding, underlying dignity, which inspires absolute confidence and respect. Every one has known in real life simple and lovable women who had a breadth of nature, an integrity of purpose, before

which any facile tribute to feminine prettinesses seemed a disrespect. Where do you meet them in fiction? Certainly never in the romances of men novelists. George Sand, in her best efforts, gives us essentially French women. Charlotte Brontë gives us distinctively the North of England woman; but George Eliot gives a purely human woman, a womanly woman. In grandeur of curve—in vitality of being—her heroines are to Charles Reade's pretty female creations what the Venus of the Capitol is to the soft but feeble Venus de Medici. Her supreme sense of the vastness of human experience is shown in the marvellous portrayal of the misery of two marriages—Lydgate's and Casaubon's,—so wholly different in condition, so wholly opposed in circumstances. Her equally marvellous power of psychological penetration is shown in the portrayal of the subtle web of influences that brought about these marriages, the subtle shocks and disappointments that brought about the subsequent awakening to the conviction of radical unsuitability. She does not do this, as is the wont of novelists, by depicting immoral behaviour in one party, and enchainning all your sympathy for an angelic victim. She simply depicts the tragic misery that may ensue in the marital union between two human beings—good perhaps in themselves—who are yet so temperamentally antagonistic as to make any mutual understanding or harmony impossible. Her dramatic power is shown in the calm, philosophic sympathy she gives to every variety of human misery, and the force with which she causes your sufferings. She permits no exaggerated shadows, even in painting the dark figure of Casaubon. Even in this

sinister painting she maintains a well-sustained greyness of tone throughout.

There is not much action in her novels, though many dramatic pictures. The movement often lingers, clogged by the pauses for analytic and philosophical observation; yet one willingly yields the excitement of a hurrying crisis to gather the winged seeds of the author's thoughts that embed themselves in the memory, and germinate there.

To render the expression of a soul requires a cunning hand.

By what unerring mechanism this effect is produced; by what subtle equilibrium of broad and delicate stroke, of vivid touch in description or narration, one cannot define. The impression conveyed, however, is always powerful and enchaining.

George Eliot's literary career began as translator and essayist. She seems, in her earlier years, to have been attracted to the barren fields where German metaphysics come to the relief—or the confusion—of German theology. She first became a contributor to the "Westminster Review," and then its assistant editor, with Dr. Chapman. She has the supreme gift of genius, united with a broad culture and erudition never attained by any other female novelist. She has mastered many languages and many sciences. Had she never written a page of fiction she would have been regarded with wonder and admiration as a woman of profound culture and varied accomplishments.

She has made the once-despised novel the companion and study of scholars, thinkers, and statesmen.



THOUGHTS ON THE COMPOSERS.

FRANZ and Chopin both scorned to procure applause at the expense of their artistic conscience. Both have confided much, and of many kinds, to their Muses; have mysteriously infused unspoken griefs, tender joys, unconscious yearnings, deep moroseness, glimmering consolations into their short but expressive works. But Chopin was of an exquisitely nervous temperament, full of suppressed passion; he moderated, but could never tame himself. Every morning he began anew the hard task of imposing silence on his scorn, his hate, his glowing infinite love, his quivering impassioned sensibility, his feverish excitement, his anguish of sensitiveness, —striving to keep them off, or give them vent by enveloping himself in a kind of spiritual intoxication. All his inspirations

were stories of his personal life—the expression of a nature whose sensitiveness had become thoroughly morbid. In his A minor Nocturne, No. 3, in his *petites études*, how the tones yearn, suffer, struggle, love! But the theme is ever of himself. It is only in some of his *polonaises* that his soul, touched with the divine fire of a true patriotism, breaks the chains of narrow personality.

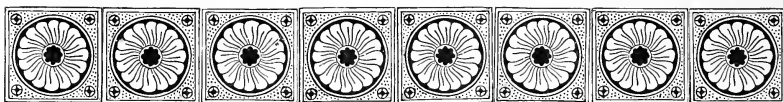
Schuberth's imagination was of an excitable, impassioned order. He was a dramatic lyrist; he was content with giving a subjective impression, and so he did not give himself up to the natural element of the *Lied*, which seeks to portray moods of mind, and to give to its dreams not so much shape as groundwork. Franz, on the contrary, is so far from being dramatically constituted that he does not even require a scene. In his tone pictures *atmosphere* is the principal thing. With him speaks in the noblest language of art the clear, intelligible echo of the feeling which has moved him. Here or there a grief, a longing, a joy has touched his soul, and he draws us with him into the sweet or bitter satiety of an emotion—into his floating between ecstasy or anguish. Franz does not, like Schuberth, get the mastery of the imagination; he does not seek to rivet by the frame-work, by the pictorial environment, to thrill us by a stirring spectacle—by the nervous excitement of a nervous impression. He draws us gradually into the magic circle of his dream-world emotion, and imparts to us, drop by drop, the burning charm of his impressions till we have drained the cup with him. His songs are mostly moods inwrought in themselves, and seldom

stirring dramatically beyond themselves. He has a sensitive-plant delicacy of musical feeling which makes him shrink from striking contrasts or flashing colors. His effusions are among the freshest and purest products of true musical inspiration. They are each a distinctly original and individual creation. When they first appeared, a celebrated Leipzig journal said of them: "They make one envy the gift of singing, for it must be a moment of real bliss in the singing of such songs to become their second creator. Poetry and Music celebrate their marriage festival, and Beauty herself consecrates the union."

Bach as a musician is essentially orthodox; he cleaves to his system as closely as he does to his dogmas, and of course there is no escaping certain hardnesses. This system never permits him to attain to a melodious flow. At times his feeling takes a freer, mightier movement, but his religious and musical orthodoxy leads him back again into the old track. To his active spirit motion is necessary; through his obscurities and deformities of detail his whole manner is domineering and despotic. He has a methodical fanaticism which gives fire to his tones; but his formalism is often relieved by outbursts of the naïve joy he feels in the exhaustless wealth that Harmony affords. His domain is limited, but in it he burrows long and deep; his strong mystic feeling dares everything within these bounds. He has a transcendental boldness and excess of detail, but he preserves a noble unity and proportion in the whole. He is prone to harmonic complications, yet he keeps mainly to the original key, and only opens

communications with its related spheres. His plain, straightforward religious nature conceals no great antagonisms or inconsistencies. His nature, though noble, is limited, and consequently his music takes no great sweep—never goes to great heights or depths ; but though his style is monotonous, his genius within its orthodox bounds at times becomes grand in its simple religious earnestness.





ROBERT SCHUMANN AS A CRITIC.

HARDLY twelve years since, the “*Dauidsbüundler*” of Robert Schumann, interpreted for the first time at the St. James’ Hall, in London, by his gifted wife, were pronounced by a leading musical critic, “a mere clever combination of crotchets and quavers, wholly lacking in any evidences of musical genius.” To-day, we wonder that any respectable journal could have printed such imbecilities. For, though it may be doubted whether this most many-sided of composers has as yet received his full share of homage, he, at least, holds at present a high position in the musical world. As an art critic, however, he is but little known. Yet critic he was, in the finest senses of the word, as the two volumes of “*Gesammelte Schriften*,” reprinted from his articles in the *Allgemeine Musicalische Zeitung*, of Leipsic, satisfactorily prove. These volumes contain criticisms upon past and present com-

posers and artists, the characteristic traits of the music of different races, and the various "schools" of music, ancient and modern. Two years since, a translation of these works was published in this country, but they seem to have excited but little attention or comment. Yet they contain the most valuable information and suggestion in relation to music and musical matters, and prove Robert Schumann to be not a mere facile writer, but a veritable critic. Indeed, he possessed, in a rare degree, three qualifications indispensable to the critic: firstly, a great capacity for admiration,—a virtue, for so it deserves to be called, born of the nobler sensibilities; secondly, the subtle power of discrimination, which decides what is or is not worthy of admiration; thirdly, a mind entirely free from prejudice, and therefore able to render an unbiased judgment. As editor of a prominent musical journal, he was perpetually called upon to pass sentence upon the musical performances and musicians of his day, and it is interesting to notice the rare integrity with which he fulfilled this responsibility. He was constantly startling the community, either by the discovery of rare merit in some unknown or neglected composer, or by the discovery of singular demerit in the productions of self-satisfied and distinguished musicians. In keen relish for excellence for its own sake, wholly independent of popular approval or disapproval, in wide range of hospitality, in subtlety of perception and analysis, he is the Sainte-Beuve of musical critics. In a man so nobly gifted with the creative faculty, this keen power of analysis is very remarkable; for the productive men in the art

world have seldom been profound critics. They have, occasionally, been pleasing writers, making fresh and sparkling remarks on a variety of subjects. Scott and Byron said very good things about poets and poetry.* Mendelssohn made graceful sentences about music and musicians, but successful epigrams, glowing eulogies, keen satire, do not constitute criticism.

Robert Schumann had qualifications which all these men lack. He was a veritable critic, because he was not only a poet but a thinker. He had sympathy as a source of a revelation, and reason as a source of judgment. And reason is the critic's sun. He was not a mere panegyrist, nor a mere carper. Unlike Liszt and Hoffman, he never dealt with "the ecstasies of eulogy or contempt." In the discovery of excellence he felt so keen a pleasure that he glows in his tribute of recognition. But his was always a healthy rapture—a torch lighted by enthusiasm, but upheld by the steady hand of reason. His disapproval was keen and uncompromising, but never touched with the cheap acerbity of satire. In no one single instance does he seem to have yielded to undue praise or dispraise under the influence of personal feeling—a rare integrity in a man who was himself so frequently the butt of sneering criticism.

Robert Schumann had still another peculiarity which distinguishes him as a musical critic. He never would consent to become the partisan of any special "school" of music—a remarkable fact, considering that he had himself—perhaps more than almost any other composer of his time—new and

very decided theories in his own province of work and creation. In this respect he is the exact opposite of Wagner and Berlioz. In the estimation of his admirers, Richard Wagner is the prince of musical critics. Yet Wagner is a thorough partisan, wedded irretrievably to a special theory which almost totally blinds him to the merits of results accomplished outside that theory. Like John Ruskin, he is a "born imperialist"—seeing only one side of a question. Whether his theory be true or false, his presentation of it, noble or ignoble, he is unmistakably a partisan—therefore not an impartial critic. Indeed, Robert Schumann, among past or present composers, alone deserves that name. I am not claiming that the critical faculty is essential in an art-producer; I am simply stating a fact. In catholicity of spirit no other master ever approached him. He not only never committed himself to any special theory or prejudice; but neither to any special patron. Unlike other great men of genius—for example, Beethoven, Goethe, Mozart, or Humboldt, he did not ask or receive favors, and had no respect for persons. He would never have consented, like Mendelssohn, to yield glowing praises to the commonplace piano-playing of an English woman because she was a queen. The keenness of perception which revealed the subtlest touches of the true and the beautiful, brought, of course, an equal sensitiveness to the false and the deformed. And Robert Schumann's denunciation was the cause of frequent offense. Against the Philistinism of his day he flashed with the noble indignation born of the shock to pure feelings. Yet I cannot find that this great-hearted artist was ever

soured—though so often depressed—by poverty, misjudgment, or ridicule. His mental organization was too large to admit of anything like bigotry, any smallness in motive, or conception, or action. Though a German, he had no disdain for the Italian “aria,” the French “romance,” the English “ballad,” or the Irish “jig.” In every manifestation of life through tone-expression, he discovered some characteristic charm and significance. With the nicest perception of shades, he invariably catches the individual color of a mind or production, and by the same faculty grasps the determining influences and characteristics of race and climate in the music of all countries. It was Robert Schumann who first forced the musical community of Leipsic to do justice to the graceful genius of Auber and Adolph Henselt. It was he who first brought the sweet old-timed barcaroles of Gordiniani—dreamy with the perfume of southern Italy—to the ears of northern Germany. And Sterndale Bennett, the Englishman, owed the adequate recognition of his own compatriots to the early tributes of glad praise given through the pen of the great German composer.

Even as a musical creator, matchless in the marvelous variety of his tone-expression, Robert Schumann has not as yet received the lofty place he deserves; but, as a critic, he is almost unknown. Yet he is the only example in the musical world—past or present—of an artist possessing, in an eminent degree, both the creative and critical faculties. He was a poet who thought accurately, as well as a thinker who created nobly. (*“The Echo,” 24th April, 1875.*)



TRANSLATIONS.

FROM ROBERT SCHUMANN.

SUGGESTION.

THE gift of a simple flower means more than an entire bouquet. A single perfume that conveys a heart-memory, or hope, or longing, is eloquent where the most complicated varieties of odor may be meaningless. So in art. I have heard a simple phrase of the voice or fingers, unstudied and spontaneous, that had in it that fine essence which is the soul of art. I have also heard the most finished execution of brilliant combinations that was all rule, all perfection and emptiness.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

Genius, unlike talent, is always the same in substance, however varied its forms and degrees. The genius that creates a song or a sonata may be less profound than the genius which simply interprets the works of other composers. The power to identify one's self with the ever-living thought,

emotion, or dream of the composer, and to translate the same into a language which others may comprehend, is one of the finest creations or re-creations of genius.

COMPARISONS.

Through comparisons we shall never reach true results. Judge everything, great or small, whether of humble or distinguished origin, for its own integral worth. It is what it is in and from itself, and in reality gains or loses nothing, because one or many things can be proved to be of greater or lesser merit.

CHARACTERISTICS.

It matters little in what form musical genius embodies itself; whether in depth, as in Bach—in height, as in Mozart, or in depth and height combined, as in the immortal Handel.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

To discover the true quality of a person—learn who are his friends. To discover the true quality of an audience—learn what it applauds.

DISCRIMINATIONS.

Talent works—genius creates. Talent executes—genius reveals.

Between the highest order of talent and the least spark of genius there is an illimitable abyss.

He who is anxious to preserve his originality is in great danger of losing it.

THE POPULAR AND THE IDEAL.

People say "it pleases," or "it did n't please," as though there were nothing better than to please the people! Art never descends to our limitations and stupidities. To reach it we must forever climb towards its heights. And, if our eyes are so dull that they cannot see the halo around the mountain tops, it is none the less eternally there.

INNER MUSIC.

To listen in the stillness to the music that fills the heart and brain, yet never forms itself into tangible tones—this is one of the spirit enchantments vouchsafed to the born musician.

THE MILLENNIUM IN ART.

We are as yet but in the beginnings of the arts. Arts will be the great fugue in which all nations shall join in parts, each nation giving its own peculiar strength and savor, and each part thus serving towards the formation of the infinite variety.

FROM SCHILLER.

LONGING.

O FROM out this valley lonely,
Oppressed by vapors damp and chill,
Could I find the pathway only,
What blessed joy my heart would thrill!
I see the glorious hills afar,
Forever young, forever gay;
O had I wings, O could I soar!
To yonder hills I'd fly away.

I hear deep harmonies ever ringing,
Echoes sweet of heavenly rest,
While the perfumed winds are bringing
Balm and healing to my breast.
Rich fruits the waving boughs between
Are glowing in the mellow light,
And flowers which bloom midst yonder green,
No winter's storm can ever blight!

YOUTH'S DREAMS.

*Der Jüngling weilt in einen blüthen-Garten,
Und schaut mit Lust des Leben's Morgenroth.*

[From Von Lenau.]

YOUTH lingers mid the flowers. The auroral gleams
Of Life's morn fill his longing eyes, while broad
And bright upon his brow fair Expectation beams;
The world is heaven to him, and man is God.

The morning breezes with soft fingers fling
Their fragrant roses o'er his curling hair,
And round his head, with close, fond fluttering,
A bright-plumed bird sings low a wondrous air.

Be still! and know, lest that ye scare away
The wingéd stranger from its youth-stayed rest,
Youth's dreams and it are one; and are not they
Of all the world hath stored for him the best?

Woe! woe! even now with leaden step and weary,
The Real draws nigh his steps. In endless flight
Forth flies the bird—leaving the youth so dreary,
As further still it speedeth from his sight.

FROM LAMARTINE.

L'HIRONDELLE.

WHY fly from me, passenger swallow?
 Come! rest thy torn pinions with me.
 Wherefore fly from the heart of thy fellow,
 Am I not a rover like thee?

In this desert misfortune unites us,
 Come! fear not to nestle with me.
 Thou art grieved? we will sorrow together,
 Am I not an exile like thee?

Hast thou need of soft wool for thy nest,
 Are thy little ones shivering near me?
 I will warm their young down on my breast,
 Have I not a mother like thee?

Behold on that river of France
 The loved threshold is waiting for me
 To take there this green olive branch,
 Oh! had I but pinions like thee!

I complain not if tyranny cruel
 Shuts my country's dear portals on me,
 The exile will find his lost jewel,
 For he has a heaven like thee.

(1855.)

*Un jour au mont Atlas les collines jalouses
Dirent, Vois nos fraîches pelouses.*

[From Victor Hugo's "Autumn Leaves."]

ONCE thus the jealous hills to Atlas spake :
Mark how the maidens wandering free betake
Them to our green fields and our sward fresh sprung,
To laugh and sing and dream, when they have sung
How the hushed ocean—yea, the ocean wild—
Kisseth our feet ; how on our foreheads mild
The Summer heats and tearful dews shed down
Flowers of all bloom in many a glowing crown.

But thou, O giant ! whence thy bald head o'er
Hovereth the red-eyed eagle evermore ?
Who like a branch whence the bird's nest depends,
Thy granite black and thy huge shoulder bends ?
Wherefore in thy dark flanks these chasms filled with night ?
Wherefore above thee aye breaks the storm's lurid light ?
Who hath so wrinkled and bepiled with snow
Thy brow—that brow where Spring no smile dare show ?
Why is it thus bent down, sweat-covered—why ?
"Because I bear the world !" Thus Atlas made reply.

FROM HEINE.

“DU HAST DIAMANTEN UND PERLEN.”

THOU hast diamonds and pearls,
 And all we adore,
 And hast beautiful eyes—
 My love! wilt thou more?

To thy beautiful eyes,
 I have written a score
 Of most eloquent songs—
 My love! wilt thou more?

Of songs and warm kisses
 I've lavished a store,
 Until I'm a beggar—
 My love! wilt thou more?

“MIR TRAUMTE VON EINEM KÖNIGSKIND.”

I DREAMED of the king's only child;
 The pallid cheeks were cold and wet;
 Beneath the lindens, old and wild,
 Again in love's embrace we met.

“I ask not for thy father's throne,
 Nor for his sceptre of gold so fine,
 I ask not for the diamond crown,
 I only ask thou shalt be mine!”

She whispered low, “That cannot be,
 I 'm in my grave, where I must dwell,
 But I will come sometimes to thee
 At night—because I love thee well!”

O MAIDEN canst thou sleep,
 Whilst still I live and know
My love for thee still burns
 With all its ancient glow?

Dost thou not know the song,
 How once a youth, who died,
At midnight burst his grave,
 And snatched from earth his bride?

Believe me, O thou brightest
 And dearest to earth given,
I live! and I am stronger
 Than all the dead in Heaven!

THE following extracts are translated from the volume which appeared only last year in Germany, entitled "Heine's letzte Gedichte und Gedanken" ("Last Poems and Thoughts"). The poems contained in this little book are, in our judgment, inferior to the earlier productions. All who are familiar with the "Lieder und Gesänge," will remember the inevitable "tear" that forever glistened in those delicious verses. Heine began or ended every song with a tear in his eye, and one wearied at last with the exhaustless flow. But in these later poems the well-known "tear" disappears almost entirely. Is their lack of spontaneity and freshness owing to the fact that the inner fountains from which that facile tear so frequently flowed had been dried up in the heat and bitterness of his later life? Heinrich Heine was not only a poet but a philosopher—not only a dreamer but a thinker. We have hardly gazed into the face of the past, to be touched by the yearning pathos of the soulful eyes and subdued brightness of the fresh, trustful smile, when we find ourselves suddenly confronted by the cold penetrating glance of the critic and the mocking sneer of the thinker, who scoffed all the more bitterly at shams because of his intense faith in realities. As literary productions, the subjoined extracts have no merit of artistic finish and completeness, being simply waifs of thought penned in hurried moments. They are valuable, however, in suggestion. They give us at least two phases of the many-sided author; of Heine, the man, saddened and embittered by misjudgment, disappointment and terrible suffering, and Heine the critic, who penetrated into the shallowness of certain Teutonic profundities, and dared, though a German (and here is the especial merit), to invite the public to view his discovery of the extensive vacuum. Here we shall meet him—not as the enthusiast, but the doubter—not as the poet who thinks, but the thinker who sees.

THE Earth is the great rock upon which mankind, the real Prometheus, is fastened and forever devoured by the vulture of doubt. She has stolen the light, and martyrs must suffer for it.

THE belief in Immortality has always been peculiarly strong with the Celtic race. The Celts will lend you money any time if you will promise faithfully to return it in the other world. The pious Christian usurers of to-day should follow their example.

MADAME DE STAËL calls Wellington a hero of leather with a heart of wood and a brain of papier-maché. She also called Napoleon a Robespierre on horseback. Now Robespierre was only an active Rousseau, while Madame de Staël was a passive Rousseau, or, in other words, a Robespierre in petticoats.

Madame de Staël was a Swiss. The Swiss have feelings as elevated as their mountains, but their views of society are as narrow as their valleys.

EVERYBODY wonders why our Emperors nowadays live to so great an age. The truth is, they dread death; they are afraid of meeting Napoleon again on the other side.

THERE are people who imagine that they perfectly comprehend a bird, because they happened once to see the egg out of which it was hatched.

THE best consolations of Christianity are as follows : That those who have had a good time here will suffer from indigestion on the other side, and that those who have been starved in this world will sit down to a capital dinner in heaven, and have all earthly scars smoothed away by well-behaved and appreciative angels.

OF what use is all Rothschild's money to him ? He has no culture whatever. He understands as much about music as a calf, as much about pictures as a cat, and as much about poetry as Apollo (Apollo is the name of my dog). If he should lose his money he would cease to exist. What is his money ? Money is round, and rolls away, but culture remains. Now when I lose my money—which God forbid—I shall never be poor, for I shall always remain a great art connoisseur, and Music and Poetry are mine forever.

AMONG the few small living prophets no Germans are to be found. They come to France to prove that they are no more prophets out of their own country than in it.

THAT Xantippe's husband ever became a great philosopher is a wonder. What a marvel that he was able to think in the midst of all that tumult ! But to write was impossible. Socrates has left us no books.

A YOUNG lady once said, "That gentleman must be very rich, he is so very homely." The public judges in a like

manner. "That man must be very learned," it says, "he is such an intolerable bore." This accounts for the great popularity of the Germans in Paris.

THE best products of German genius are Philosophy and Song. Their budding time disappeared, however, with idyllic Peace. Germany is to-day shuddering with majestic movement. Thought is no longer inactive—she is hurling fresh deeds from out of her abstract world. The imperious sound of the locomotive drowns the voice of song in our disturbed spirit; the black smut it sends into the air drives the birds away, and the stench and glare of the gas-light insult the serene radiance of the modern moon.

THE works of real genius, however simple and unpretentious, are not descriptions of Nature, but the very letters of Nature herself. Slaves are not always free when they cease to have masters. The Germans prate about free nationality; they must first attain to some conception of individual freedom. Emancipation must begin from within.

THE Hebrew Moses gave to woman a higher position than any other Eastern prophet or ruler. According to him, she might attain immortality. Mohammed shut the gates of Paradise irrevocably upon her. Was it because he thought that Paradise would cease to be Paradise to men if there was any danger of their again meeting their wives there?

THERE are theologians who do away altogether with God himself. One is never appreciated in his own family.

IN reading the history of the world, I find upon close investigation that woman is the inspiration to all deeds—noble or ignoble, she is the real power behind the act. Women rule, although the government only registers masculine names—they make histories, although we are only acquainted with the names of male historians.

MUSIC at weddings always suggests to me the encouraging tunes played to soldiers on the eve of battle.

MONKEYS look down upon men as degenerate specimens of their own race. In a like manner the Hollanders explain the existence of the Germans by calling them rotten Dutch.

LESSING says: "If Raffaele's hands had been cut off he would yet have been a painter." In a like manner one might say of several modern painters—if their heads were cut off they would still be as good painters as with their heads on; and probably the public would not have perceived any difference in either case.

THE sun and moon are the Lord's footstools, upon which he alternately warms his feet. The sky is his gray woolen overcoat, embroidered with stars.

MINE is in reality a most peaceful disposition. All my wishes are limited to the following: To possess a modest cottage; a good bed; fresh milk and butter; a few blooming flowers before my window; a few vigorous trees before my door. And if the good God would make me supremely happy he would permit me the great satisfaction of seeing in the branches of these same trees some seven or eight of my enemies hanging. With the utmost generosity I would, under those circumstances, pardon them all the injuries they have inflicted upon me. Yes, it is man's duty to forgive his enemies,—but on no account until after they are hung.

(Read at "The Fraternity," 8th February, 1871.)



FROM GEIBEL.

THE spirit freed from flesh can trace
 God's way in all below, above,
 And feels through all the realms of space
 The stirring of a boundless love.

By His cool breath the tears are dried,
 The thorns all wear a rosy glow,
 And love through life's mysterious tide
 Dives upward, swan-like, from below.

The heaviest woe thou e'er didst feel,
 Smiles back on thee with radiant brow,
 And death, who breaks thy life's dark seal,
 Is freedom's herald to thee now.

Thy look meets his with love and pride,
 While thrills a holy awe through thee,
 As through a bridegroom, whom the bride
 Leads to some blissful mystery.

Enough ! enough ! Forbear my song,
 The thoughts that in a moonlit night
 Will through a mortal bosom throng,
 No worldly poem can recite.

They come like breaths of Heaven, that creep
 From Eden's palm-groves on the air,
 A wordless vision, clear and deep,
 'T is half a smile, 't is half a prayer !





PART III.



EXTRACTS

FROM

JOURNALS AND LETTERS.





EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL—1857 TO 1859.

BROOKLYN, December 2d, 1857.

THIS afternoon, Emmie, Jamie and I went to the rehearsal. The first piece was Mendelssohn's fourth symphony in A, and oh, how exquisite! It is supposed to be his impressions of Italy. To speak of general impressions, rather than particular emotions, it seemed to me the first movement realizes the influence upon an ardent nature of the clear, translucent air, the genial climate, the deep, deep blue above, the rich endless green below,—the golden gleam of the exhilarant sunshine blent with the intense hue of the unfathomed heavens,—the spontaneity of life around, and the restlessness of emotion within, that characterize the land formed by nature to be the garden of poetry. The earnest and original Andante seems to portray the feelings awakened by the mighty ruins of Roman splendor—the palaces, statues, the temples and the vast Coliseum, ghosts of a greatness that

is gone, monuments of an immortal age; and the lovely episodal melody embodies the less awful but not less solemn sentiment that is awakened in witnessing the new life springing from the old decay, the perennial flowers and verdure ever young, mocking, while they decorate, the falling ruins that have seen them bloom and fade again through a long, long race of centuries.

The ceaselessly flowing and exquisitely melodious Scherzo may have been composed upon the silent shore of a sea, where the luxurious light of the still moon hung like a garment of glory on the boundless bosom of the deep, whose gentle heaving was so constant and uniform that in watching the unbroken rhythm of its motion one might cease to know it moved. And in the trio one thinks of some vagrant sunbeam sporting tenderly upon the gently rippling wave, and glancing like the sweet light of the eye you love, when it looks the look that surpasses speech. The *saltarello* tells its own tale; it is an imitation of the national dance of the south of Italy, which is twin sister to the *tarantella*. In listening to it you cannot but think of the Carnival, with its wild life, its perpetual motion, the ecstatic gayety, the romp, the rhapsody, the revelry, the rattling riot, the rustling, ridiculous, ranting roar of the rollicking holiday. The bustling, hustling, jostling of everlasting intricacies in the never-ending dance—the wild ecstasy, the delirium, of mere animal excitement—the exuberance of delight, the utter forgetfulness of anything but the intoxicating moment, are all wonderfully portrayed.

The next piece was the "Naiads" overture, by William Sterndale Bennet, Mendelssohn's dearest friend, to whom Mendelssohn wrote: "Our public never tire of hearing, nor our musicians of performing, your compositions."

This overture is very Mendelssohnian; it has the melancholy delicacy and softness of color which peculiarly characterize Mendelssohn's style. The last was the overture of "Der Freischütz," by Weber.

It is indeed a paragon. There was one thing in it which moved me especially to-day; it was the long moaning melody flung by the clarionet across the tremolo of the orchestra, like a distant complaint scattered by the winds in the depths of the woods; it strikes right to the heart—it is poetic, novel, and beautiful. And we are to have these musical treats once a week. Brooklyn seems brilliant!

Rouen, July, 1858.—We first went to the church of Saint Ouen, which surpassed my expectations. I shall never forget my first impression upon entering. I felt as though I must tread softly—there was something so mysterious and awful in looking up through the vast aisles in the gray light of the morning—something so inspiring and exciting to the imagination in the vastness of old cathedrals, and their grand architecture. As you first enter it seems like being in a forest of stone—the graceful columns and arches, loaded with luxuriant carving, soar up, and seem to blend together in the heights above. When we reached the altar, and were looking down the middle aisle, I felt how overpowering it must be to hear music in such a place; and my longing seemed to bring it, for sud-

denly we heard the distant sound of an organ. How often had I imagined myself listening to music in the mysterious light of some old cathedral, and now, at last, I realized it! It seemed to me I must fall on my knees. I understood then the wonderful fascination of *devoteeism* in religion,—the worship of forms and symbols, fine architecture, and music above all. My soul wept with pain and bliss, and trembled with an awe I had never before experienced. As the tones of the organ became richer and clearer, filling the vastness of the grand old cathedral, I felt the most intense longing to express myself. I did not remember who or where I was; but the feeling I had of being irresistibly borne along was so transporting that I can conceive of nothing else like it. The others had gone on, and I found myself alone when the music ceased. I seemed to have awakened from a beautiful dream!

Clermont, August 3d, 1858.—This morning, we started on a grand excursion—rode to the foot of Mont Pariou; then Mr. —, Emmie and I started off to the Puy de Dôme, the highest of the Auvergne mountains. There being no regular path, we were obliged to scramble up. At last, after a journey of more than two hours, we reached the top, and oh, such a view as met our eyes! I shall never forget it—it was so grand! A perfect stillness reigned over everything, and the mountains stood around us in their majestic calm, while on their sides lay peaceful shadows. In the far distance were the Loire mountains, behind which the sun was setting. Its light bathed their brows in a rosy mist,

which, sometimes passing away, brought out in bold relief the old ruins that crown some of their summits; below us stretched, as far as eye could see, the landscape of the surrounding country, with its beautiful fields and vales of different colored greens and grains; vine-clad thatched cottages, and sometimes a stately château, ornamented some lovely valley. Oh, how I longed for the power of expression!—an eloquent pen, to paint in words, or an eloquent brush, to paint in colors! and more than all, for the power to translate it into sound!

Paris, November 21st, 1858.—This evening we went to hear the opera of “*Il Giuramento*.” I trembled all the time before Alboni’s appearance—she who has my ideal voice; there is a ravishing exuberance in it, and yet to-night I felt that its tones wanted soul and passion. But how the melody gushes from her throat! If she only had fire, one would be inclined to fall on one’s knees before her. I left with the same sadness that generally follows hearing music,—such a burning to do something, such a sense of incapacity, such dreams and ideals! Oh God! eternal praises be to thee for music, that source of completest joys, that *all* that one needs. Music! that can make the darkest life radiant and full of a perfect speechless joy! Oh, one hardly dares to speak even silently that sacred word “music.” How strangely it looks on paper, that little word, that sometimes means all of life! How many moments when others sleep,—how many moments when, perhaps, talking and doing the commonest little everyday thing, am I absent from everything about me, thinking

and dreaming of yearning harmonies that leave me full of strange thoughts and distracting longings! Sometimes my longing for expression almost maddens me, and then come, again, with a new power, a new beauty, a new consolation the fullness of the gift of music, speaking reviving words of inspiration.

Naples, January, 1859.—I cannot realize that we are really in Italy. What a day this has been! The climate is magic. Oh! this Italy! well may it be called a Paradise! The view from our window to-night is exquisite. In front, the luxurious garden of the "Palais Royal"; at the right, crowning the hill, stands the old monastery of San Martino, looking so solemn and lonely in the moonlight; to the left, the lovely bay of Naples. A flood of mellow light lies on its clear waters, through which glide the gilded sails of the fishermen's boats, some of which float in the mystic distance. I have been leaning out of my window this January evening, without feeling in the least cold. The air is full of a delicious balminess, a *j'è ne sais quoi* that is ravishing; it is such an atmosphere as Claude Lorrain only has ever transmitted to canvas. How the bay, how the whole scene to-night sang of music! I heard the dreamy barcaroles of Schubert, Mendelssohn's and Chopin's odes to the night, and had the most intense yearning to express myself, as I always do, to pour out my soul in music. Being alone with Nature is being alone with God; and in those moments thoughts that lips could never utter are made known through subtler senses; she reveals to you her sacred secrets, and the soul

is full of a sweet ecstasy not unmixed with pain. Sacred, holy Nature! How infinitely near is she to our souls! but nothing can speak her praises with the joy and love that music does. This instrument of expression is worthy of the subject—none other is eloquent enough. How strange that, when the whole soul is filled with ecstasy, there is always mingled with it, deeper than all, a pain, a longing, a dissatisfaction! Is it not the resistless longing for the Infinite that is never satisfied? And this beauty that overflows you with joy is but the suggestion of that exhaustless spiritual beauty of which our immortal soul craves a more satisfactory experience. Oh, the holy night! the holy night! it descends like a benediction upon grateful nature! Why can I not sing its praises, its sweet blessings from the fullness of my own soul? Thank God, for such singers as Chopin, Mendelssohn, and others, whose exquisite ears heard the most delicate voices of nature, and whose souls responded with throbs of the most subtle, tender, and reverent sympathy! Oh divine, oh infinitely precious music! But hush, what right have I to attempt thy praises?—If I have told thee always my joys and sorrows, still oh! how unworthy have I been! Be quiet, my soul—there may be joys in store for thee!

Rome, February 16th, 1859.—This evening we went to see the Coliseum by moonlight. No words are eloquent enough to paint the picture that presented itself as we entered the great arena. The moonlight brought out in bold relief the glorious arches, and cast its mystic beams and shadows on the

gray walls. No temple was ever more impressive ; with no dome but the sacred one of heaven, whose starry hosts, bright guardians of the night, looked down with golden eyes. Our vision was haunted by forms of the Past, that seemed to glide through the arches in the mystic moonlight. Moonlight on silent ruins makes one have a delirious sort of feeling. No one could translate the picture but a Beethoven ! Oh, how hard it is to come back again into practical life, after some sweet uplifting of the soul into clearer and purer regions of higher and unspeakable yearnings !

February 17th, 1859.—This morning we went to the Consistoire to see the ceremony of the Pope conferring a hat upon a new cardinal. No one could enter dressed in colors, the gentlemen (according to the evangel of St. Peter's) having to wear frock coats, and the ladies wearing black with black veils. In Quaker fashion, the ladies were separated from the gentlemen. After waiting a long time, the cardinals arrived in grand style, clothed in long scarlet cloaks, followed by fantastically dressed "domestics"; they passed into a side room, from which, after appropriate preparation, they emerged in their scarlet caps, ermine fur, long purple silk robes, while behind them stood two priests, who, as each one appeared, unfurled a great strip of purple silk from beneath the ermine cape. Then they marched majestically through the line of Swiss guards, who bowed low. Of course they came in one by one, appearing as star after star in the horizon, for they intended to have their own peculiar and individual glory appreciated. At last the expectant eyes of the audience were gratified by

seeing the doors open on each side of the "Chair." A quantity of dressed-up dolls emerged, and arranged themselves appropriately on either side. Finally some one appeared holding a great cross, the *avant-courier* of the Pope, followed by *le saint personnage lui-même* with his pontifical hat. He was lifted into his "Chair," had his hands placed before him, and his robes arranged comfortably, the people around kneeling in the meantime. The "Papa" then waved his hand (without any assistance whatever!) in signal for the pagans to rise. Then the two cardinals near the "Chair" gently uncovered the holy ring of St. Peter, while the image that wore it remained perfectly immovable. Then all the cardinals, one by one to the number of sixty, prostrated themselves before their idol, kissed its toe and then the Holy Ring, and after kneeling and kissing again retired. As soon as this performance was over, there was a little stir, and several cardinals, accompanied by priests in black robes, holding silver maces over their shoulders, went in search of the new cardinal, who, surrounded by them, marched up to the Holy Chair and prostrated himself, kissed the toe, ring, etc. The Pope opened his arms and kissed him on both cheeks. The cardinal then seated himself, and another cardinal made an oration in Latin, after which the cardinal of the occasion went up alone to the "Chair" and went through the usual ceremony. The Pope then threw his robe around him, kissing him on both cheeks, and then placed the hat upon his head and pronounced some words in Latin, making all the time the sign of the cross. Then the new cardinal rose from his knees, kissed the ring, and the

Pope embraced him. Now the new cardinal marches slowly to the end of the row of cardinals, kissing each one, sixty in number, and the performance is finished! In all this ceremony there was not the slightest vestige of anything that was imposing or solemn; it reminded one of the most puerile of ancient pagan ceremonies. Indeed, what is the Pope but an image of pagandom projected into this nineteenth century? Shakspeare is certainly right, that all the world is a stage, and all the men and women players; but the Catholic Church has a stage with a particularly poor company of actors, who do not even care to conceal that they are actors.

Rome, February 21st, 1859.—At San Lorenzo, in Lucina, we saw Guido's glorious picture of the Crucifixion, truly one of the glories of art. What first impressed me was the expression in the *situation* of Christ. In all other pictures I have seen, the cross has been surrounded with figures; here it stands entirely alone. Behind it, stretches a barren plain, over which the mysterious twilight is blending with the first pale moonbeams; and there, in that dreary and utter solitude, the dying Christ suffers. There is something inexpressibly touching in this very loneliness, which renders more eloquent his own words, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." The expression of death is marvellous, but Guido does not stop there; transcending death is a more eloquent expression of a new spiritual life, whose peace and joy fill the soul of the Christ, the Divine man. What a beautiful and loving genius Guido had! In his Rospigliosi "Aurora" is an infinite grace—it is an exquisite poem; in his "Crucifixion" a solemn

grandeur ; and in his smaller pictures, the “ Hope ” and “ Contemplation,” a tenderly inspired moment. They are as tender and exquisite as snow-flakes, dew-drops, and flowers. He is the Mendelssohn of painting.

Venice, Sunday, April 10th, 1859.—Venice is a poetical wonder, a mysterious enigma, a proud ruin, to which cling the ever-living traits of past splendor. I never saw anything so picturesque as the architecture. It gives a magical beauty to the city ; one cannot but think of the wild romance of old Eastern tales. There is a sort of mystic, dreamy beauty here that seems unreal. Such a view from our window ! The sea and sky are vying with each other in brilliancy of color ; the islands opposite and around, glowing in the sunlight, look as though they had just sprung fresh from the bosom of the waters, while between them glide the graceful gondolas. And the palaces, with their light Byzantine columns and arches, against whose marble steps the waves dash, appear like uncertain images in a dream. “ Beautiful Venice, the bride (and the pride) of the sea ! ” thou art bound by a spell—a spell whose enchantment no sound breaks, save the dipping of the gondola’s oar, or the boatmen singing on the waters !

Geneva, April 20th, 1859.—This evening, I can never forget ! We attended a concert of the “ Singers’ Union,” at the Église de la Madeleine. The leader, Carl W——, led with the true spirit. It was mostly German music—beautiful selections from Mendelssohn, Handel, Haydn, Berlioz, etc. There was not a single discordant voice. They inter-

preted the music with that fine perception and appreciation which is born only of love. My heart overflowed with gratitude and bliss. Ah! here was the *real* thing to me—no such enjoyment have I experienced here abroad. It but proved to me for the thousandth time that in comparison to this, everything seemed little and foreign. And then, how calm and glad and proud I was to be one of such an audience, where every one listened reverently, and no carelessness stung, pained, saddened and embittered me, as it often has done! It all reminded me of the precious Rhine festivals I have dreamed of attending. Shall I ever live in Germany, that land which possesses the true priesthood of the religion of music? Sometimes it seems as if these most fervent wishes will never be realized. Ah! how we still our aching hearts with hopes and dreams!

Zürich, April 24th, 1859.—I awoke early this morning, and, looking out of the window, saw the blue sky smiling and inviting me to come out; so I accepted and went into the garden lying on the shore of the lovely lake of Zürich. I found myself there quite alone; on everything lay the sweet fresh dewy light of morning, and no sound disturbed the tender Sabbath stillness but the mellow-toned bells from the distant hamlets among the mountains, answering to Zürich's chimes, and the little birds pouring forth their eloquent morning song of praise! In all the gardens around they flew about from branch to branch, then stopped a moment, and turned up their little heads to gaze upon the bright sky, and then suddenly broke out into such hearty thrilling melody

that I could not but join the rich orchestra, for I too was glad and grateful. The contrast was so beautiful between the right-hand shore, with its picturesque cottages and gardens, on which the morning light glowed, and the opposite shore in the shadow, with its grand dark blue mountains and snow-crowned summits, and between them the sweet clear lake, on whose waters floated slowly and lazily the little boats, borne along at random. Switzerland is glorious. *Here* one can breathe freely. Beautiful, free Switzerland!





EXTRACTS FROM HER LETTERS, 1861-1876.

Rochester, August 17th, 1861.

Dearest Maria :

I RECEIVED your dear letter with the greatest pleasure, and I thank you for it a thousand times. To have the sympathy of such a heart as yours is more precious to me than you can imagine. I commenced an answer immediately, but was interrupted, and have n't really had a quiet time since,—at least a quiet moment when I felt at all in the mood for writing, even to you, my own Santa Maria! What you say is very true—a woman in her heart-craving often seizes eagerly *l'amour*, and loves it instead of *l'amant*. In her thirst she seizes the fruit with eager hands and has afterwards to discover that it cannot satisfy this thirst. . . . But tell me, don't you think that in devoting one's self to the happiness of another, that one might experience the highest, because the most unselfish, happiness? and then do you not think that the very act of *doing* for some one makes us love them? . . . But I know and believe that a deep intelligence fulfills our longings in its own deep way.

I am enjoying myself here in Rochester. Our relatives are so kind to us, and make every effort to make our time pass pleasantly. . . . We have had several excursions to the charming bay about six miles from here. Day before yesterday a party of twelve youngsters started off early in the morning in a big white-covered country wagon, taking our dinner with us. Such a day as it was! I kept repeating to myself that verse of Herbert:

“ Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.”

In the morning and afternoon we were off rowing and fishing. At three we came back to the country inn, where we hired a room for our dining-saloon, and such sport as we had setting the table, and still more in devouring the food! Afterwards, some of us went off on the water again; others wandered about in the grove; but the greatest pleasure was to come, in our sunset sail. Maria, I thought of you, and wished so that you had been there! Such a ravishing twilight! The air was perfectly still, and we just floated along in the most luxuriantly lazy manner through the water, whose transparency pictured every varying tint of the sky and landscape. I never saw such a brilliant but tender twilight. Depth upon depth of lustre melted away in that visionary mist like violet golden light. Such clear but mellow light and shade! such unspeakable softness! such ravishing tint-modulations! And

over the bosom of that western sea of crimson light floated divinely beautiful clouds, that in their dreamy, solemn course bore our souls out into the great unknown sea beyond—beyond! O divine Nature! and divine Art, which is but Nature speaking through man!

October.

How glorious the woods must be near you! Here, in the garden opposite, the leaves are turning and already fall. One feels a joy in these autumn days, but a joy full of melancholy—for autumn is the minor movement in the symphony of the seasons. When I see the red leaves fall, I feel a pang, a tender regret—it seems like parting, and yet it is only preparation for new life. Oh! it is wonderful and grand—this infinite, endless Life!

Sabbath Morning, “on the Piazza.”

Dear Mattie:

I WAS sitting here, feeling the view with a hazy languor of enjoyment—the drowsy monotone of the bees, the sleepy motion of the sails, had gone into my blood and hushed my pulses, when, unexpectedly, I was visited by an *emotion*. It became a thought—the thought pleaded expression—the pen became the medium—and so here I, Saidie McKaye, your only adopted one, do send forth a greeting of loyal love to you. Accept the donation! This rich, increasing emotion grows wings, and soars, and bathes itself in the pure mists of

the heavenly mountain-tops—every breath of that finer air is quickening. Ah! can I not *do* for you or *be* something to you? Sometimes I get terribly impatient in the thought of how little and unsatisfying I am to my friends. Passively loving them is not enough—I must go forth into active devotion. The thirst I feel for broader, intenser action is maddening. My blood glows and thrills over the wrongs of the down-trodden; I would willingly accept any hardship—death—to help raise them. There is in me a deep yearning for some heroic suffering—and yet, must I confess it? no longing so burns as the desire for some expression through art. Ah, Heavenly Father! to translate this mystic morning into tone! It is no desire only, but a fierce and maddening thirst. And then there is another element of life in me that I must tell you of—because I cannot help it, though it may be unworthy. A—what can I call it?—a tropical element, a bewildering satisfaction in the mere enjoyment of being,—to feel no care, meet with no hollow-eyed visitors, who offend the taste and disturb artistic arrangement (are you shocked? and is this heartless?)—to lead a wild, adventurous life of beautiful scenes and enjoyments, resting under odorous trees, drinking in glowing colors that entrance the eye, perfumes that pass into the very blood, and listen to wild, enrapturing harmonies (not Beethoven or Handel—these are only for the mountain-tops)—to have nothing but a stream of perpetual delight,—no serene and negative contentment, but an undisturbed luxuriance of life with keen, quickening joys of changing scene and beauty! Now, what perfection of egotism! and

yet the picture entrances me as I write it. To you, who never had a selfish impulse, this must indeed seem an unworthy desire; I am conscious of no wrong in it except that it would be a selfish life when so many are suffering and need help. But what was beauty given us for if not for full enjoyment? This mere taste is only aggravating; and as I said before, any disagreeable disturbances are a detriment to the artistic arrangement. Now I know you despise me! It is best, though, that you should know what a miserably selfish constitution I have. I did n't mean to tell you when I began, but it is done now—and nearly four pages are filled up with myself! Verily, a practical illustration of my egotism! But because I am such a sinner it becomes thy duty, O my spiritual mother, to reform me. *Quelle tâche!*

May 16th, 1862.

Dearest Maria :

HERE I am, sitting under the poplars, O *ma bien aimée!* Last Monday was a charming day; the air was full of whispering promises of spring-time blossoms, but the voice grew faint before it reached the imprisoned city; it seemed but an expiring breath of country air. I felt like a fish thrown on arid sands, hearing in the distance the murmur of gushing brooks. In this state a note came from Dora Neil, inviting me to Hastings; *ainsi me voici!* I came Tuesday afternoon. . . . To-day would be a perfect day

if I had a lover! But I am not ungrateful to the sky and land, for they do their best to make me contented. Coming from brick and mortar into the very living presence of nature is like—is n't it?—initiation into the heavenly land. It is so beautiful here! The tender spring-bloom lies on the leaves and the wild flowers glow like sapphire and gold in the fields and woods. Every breeze is a breath of God—from heaven it comes, steals over the hills, creeps through the tree-tops, and, stooping, kisses the blossoms that, trembling with joy, send forth perfumed words on swift wings to every heart that can translate the language. Above, are marvellous frescoes of the sky, tinged with every changing tint of varying cloud—below, the broad blank of field and wood and stream, glowing in a regal light, and all the air from north to south, from east to west, is full of jubilee voices singing rapturous strains of joy and praise into the bosom of God! O mysterious and divine prophecy of the spring-time! O solemn beating heart of Nature! O wordless visions, sweet and deep! O living streams that flow into the thirsty soul! O God! O God! how royal is thy prodigality!—how wondrous thy love! People talk of “experiencing religion”—the Infinite cannot be learned in “six easy lessons,” and the cant phrase is hateful; but every deep, revealing experience of life, art, or nature, is the onward throe of a new spiritual birth.

This morning I began re-reading “Adam Bede.” How many beautiful things there are in it! Things so keenly expressed, that most of us can only keenly feel, but find no language for. . . . What a day this has been to me!

I have lived so much in it—imagined so much—revelled in such ecstatic visions—lived so in the higher life! And yet it makes me so dissatisfied to live or exist in the other life, the poorer, drier life! Now I know the driest life can be made juicy by a spirit whereon rests the exhaustless dew from the divine fountain. . . . You know all I feel, all I think, but I cannot express it. . . . I long to say all this to some one. Ah! this aching longing for deeper satisfaction—for fuller streams of life—yes, life, life! “more life!” Our immortal soul would embrace all—but it falls back in its finiteness bruised and anguished. What are we, after all, but little children striving to utter ourselves? . . .

People say they love music,—and I sincerely believe they do in a certain way—but they are not *born* to it, it is not their first thought, their deepest love. I cannot be satisfied with anything less. I despise music pretenders; and the music I hear in society does not give me the least satisfaction. There is such an utter want of reverence—it is mere self-glorification. Each individual performs his or her part in the spirit of Jack Horner when he “put in his thumb and pulled out the plum”—each has his especial plum and especial way of heralding his own dimensions. How I despise it! And music! music! that divinest of arts, into whose temple none should enter save with uncovered head, falling on bended knees at the very portal, exclaiming: “I am nothing—Thou art the Infinite!—am I worthy to serve Thee?” I often wish I had not the musical organization: I should be spared many a pang, and yet, and yet—the

raptures, the visions, the revelations! *They* belong to me too, and can never be taken from me. . . .

God never comes to me so entirely, so overpoweringly as through Beauty—divine, divine Beauty! not only through the intoxicating beauty of every tint, and form and tone, which may only be a sensuous delight, but the spiritual Word that God speaks through it—that makes us thirst for that deeper, that Infinite Beauty and Harmony beyond, which we feel we can never see the end of. In the presence of this beauty, I, like you, feel a “giant in strength”—in that rare atmosphere, I see such wordless visions, clear and deep—through my quickened senses flow intuitions and revelations too fine and subtle for speech—my higher nature asserts capacities for love, devotion, work, self-sacrifice, whose intensity I was not aware of—and I too long for a “battle-ground of duty.” Oh! this Beauty! what should we do without it? When I see a rock, a clump of trees, a horizon, I thirst to paint them in tones—but it is not them I would express, but what they say to me, what they suggest to me—a certain or vague dream of luxurious freshness, celestial calm, sublime grandeur, serene harmony of Ideal Beauty, that I long to find a language for. It is this sentiment of *preconceived* Beauty that inspires the artist soul with the sublime yearning and necessity for an eloquent language, which will interpret this revery, this aspiration, this glorious restlessness, this inward thirst, this fitful joy and sorrow *sans bornes*.

The child suffers from growing pains, but how much more does the impatient soul suffer in its struggles to express

itself in its full stature and proportion! There are two classes of poets or artists—both have an equally intense desire to soar, but one class Nature has provided with wings—the other she forgot to endow. Far happier is he who, having no desire to soar, is content to tread the solid earth. All this sense of joy in beauty is but the yearning for God. Fidelity to the simplest duties of every-day life is the knowing Him—but it is hard—and yet without this deeper realization all this dreaming is dissatisfaction.

Last Thursday, dear Maria, we went over to the Children's Festival. It was a beautiful sight—the church was all dressed with flags, and the rooms were brilliant with flowers and fruit. But what I most enjoyed was the picture gallery. Mr. Nichols had charge of collecting and arranging the pictures. Father contributed three, and a number of the congregation contributed. Mr. Beecher sent almost all his—among them was his exquisite Rousseau, which I suppose you saw at the French collection last winter—and his three pictures of Inness, perfect gems. I adore Inness's pictures. Let others exult in their fine manipulation, audacious effects, and unblemished mechanism. But Inness is a man with a great soul, who uses his brush as a medium to express his spiritual conversation with nature. He not only hears the symphonies of the great orchestra of nature, in their *ensemble*, but his ear is fine enough to seize every cadence, and he notes them down lovingly and reverently. His picture called "Sunset" is a great work of art.

Stanz, Switzerland, Sept. 7th, 1866.

Dear "Aunt Tillie":

. . . I WISH you could have been with us on our glorious excursion to Mürren, from whose height you get a magnificent sweep of gorge and picturesque valley. But the most enchanting part of our excursion was the drive home at sunset through the famous Lauterbrunnen valley. The air was exquisitely clear, and the Alpine peaks burned crimson in the evening lustre. As the color deepened, the varied noble mountain lines took a thousand fantastic and magical shapes. The geological substance of the mountains seemed to disappear; the precipitous granite sides were walls upon which the divine artist, with a sudden sweep of his brush, painted wondrous frescoes. For ten minutes we journeyed through an enchanted region, where cathedrals with spires of flame, turreted castles and overhanging bowers, were everywhere around us. This picture, like all others, was set to the eternal cascade song of the Alps, with its rich and solemn undertone. However, all words are inadequate to reproduce the scene.

September 13th.—Several days have passed since I wrote the above, but you will excuse the haste and incongruity of a letter written *en route* amidst many interruptions. We have been traveling every day, sometimes in *vetturino*, again on horseback. We are staying to-night at Villeneuve, on lake Geneva, on our way to Bern, where I expect to be married at the house of the American minister, beneath the dear old "star-spangled banner." That will be some recompense for having to be married in a foreign land. Much as I have

enjoyed myself here I shall be very glad to be back in America again. Dear Aunt Tillie, we shall, I hope, soon know each other better, and learn to love each other. All those who are dear to Louis are already dear to me, and I sincerely desire the esteem and affection of all his true friends. I feel that in becoming his wife I take upon myself great responsibilities,—but I accept them gladly and proudly; for if I know my own heart my deepest longing is to serve him and his. Marriage is to me no sentimentality, but a solemn reality and a holy sacrament. In marrying Louis, I take his children to my heart as a very sacred gift from him, conscious that my relation to them is a very near and a very responsible one. I lost my own mother very early, and loved her most dearly. My father has been a devoted parent; and yet I often feel that I should have been very different had I grown up under that ever-watchful tenderness in the little things of every-day life which a mother alone can bestow. As I hold the memory of my mother most sacred, so would I wish these dear little ones to cherish reverently the memory of their lost parent. But though I cannot entirely fill her place, I trust and pray that the tenderness I have in my heart for them may so flow out in word and deed, that their great loss may be at least somewhat softened to them. Won't you teach them to call me *Mamma*, so that when I go home they may greet me by that sweet name? But, dear Aunt Tillie, I have *so much* to learn. For, to tell the truth, I have been a spoiled and petted child, and have been utterly unaccustomed to the care of a house or of children, and have

yet to become initiated into those sober practicalities. However, I do not fear, for I know that experience is the great teacher, and my mistakes will 'be perhaps but stepping-stones. More than all, there is no inspiration like a true affection, and it seems to me I could accomplish anything for Louis's sake. And now, good-bye till I meet you again, *Deo volente*, on our native shore. . . . Louis does not know I am writing, or he would certainly send love. He is very well, and is getting to be a real mountaineer. Yesterday he walked twenty miles. Is n't that famous pedestrianism?

New-York, 1870.

Dearest Annie:

A GREAT deal is said about the "foibles" of friends, and some people handle them mercilessly who would not attack personal honor, or what is called "private character." As though the unfortunate weaknesses which make us absurd and contemptible, and of which we are sometimes wholly unconscious, were not as much a part of our private character (springing often from the most interior and inherent qualities) as what society conventionally calls "family honor" or "professional integrity." Don't you think that what is said of people, as members of society, affects the private house more than any other place, and that the mothers and brothers actually suffer in finding—through the cold and heartless repetition of stories illustrating the peculiarities of those dear to them—that these dear ones are scoffed at

and are perhaps seriously injured? For my part, I think the ridicule of persons and conversation about the personal weaknesses, deficiencies, and absurdities of the absent, whether they are friends or mere acquaintances, tends materially to lower the tone of society, and is very deleterious in its effects on all parties concerned.

The habit has not a single redeeming characteristic to commend it to the approval of enlightened people. No one who enjoys or defends it, can ever claim for it that it has the least tendency to *refine* or *elevate* the scoffer or the victim—or, if a milder state of things, the ridiculer and the ridiculed. Such a course has a certain kind of cure in it sometimes. Often the ridiculed do, through the mortification of the *amour propre*, desist from certain habits or peculiarities which may be the weakness of vanity or selfishness, or the extravagancies of moral conviction, or again, the unconscious tendencies that spring from a long line of inheritance;—some such are not, while in the flesh, any more curable than scrofula—but *if* curable and cured through fear of the world's ridicule the cure is worse than the disease itself. . . . No cure is radical unless the process of cure purifies the system, and touches the real spring of the disease. I believe in this principle of Christian ethics: that through love alone, as Jesus meant it, is sin healed or weakness strengthened. Ridicule used as a weapon against the follies and weaknesses of society has a capital use in its place, especially when it is used, not with the motive to wound, but to cure through the wound; but ridicule of persons, used simply as a self-

gratification, is in my estimation unfair, unworthy and utterly unprofitable. . . .

After all, the grains of happiness that come to the most fortunate of us are sifted through a great deal of unhappiness. Life is freighted with so much of inevitable pain and dissatisfaction, and every heart has its secret temptations, sorrows and struggles. After all, life brings quite enough that is painful and disagreeable to all of us, that we need not to add one drop more to the cup of any. The story in which a person is made to play an absurd or contemptible part may, while it affords us a moment's amusement, wound sensibilities in another that are none the less *real* because we don't sympathize with them! I do not mean, of course, that we can help seeing the funny side of human nature, or that it is desirable to do so. I only think we should be guarded, and shrink from a habit that is unfortunate.

I perfectly believe that the time will come when purer laws and sweeter manners will reign in society, and people of the best culture will neither attempt nor tolerate ridicule of the absent and defenceless;—when it will be considered as ill-bred to attack the weaknesses of the absent, as to take any other advantage of one in your power. . . . I have never found *this* principle as a *reigning* one, except among a certain class of my compatriots; there it is understood and practically maintained that it is precisely a human being's weakness which commends him to our utmost generosity of thoughts and action. For in this circle, as in no other, I have found, if not so profound a scholarship as in some

others, an interior culture, a noble catholicity of spirit, an absence of bigotry and national narrowness, an entire freedom for individual development, an entire freedom from hampering conventionalities, united to a consideration for the feeling and reputation of all absent or present, a hospitality to individual thought, a charity for individual peculiarities, and a serenity of demeanor at the expression of all characters and characteristics which in my view forms the finest breeding. . . .

I have nowhere found a state of society so near my ideal as in this circle. However, I agree with you on this point, that I have often committed and often commit the very sin which I declaim against. I have a keen sense of the ludicrous and a great fondness for satirical epigrams. In my school-days I was considered "smart" in this line, and applause encouraged me. When I was at school in France, I was told I was "*pétillante d'esprit*" on all occasions when I made a bold *moquerie*, or told a story in which our neighbors served as butts of ridicule and contempt; and I became intolerably "pert" in this way; but I had not been long on this side of the water when I found that such a habit, with people whose esteem I prized most, was highly offensive. I have gradually mended my wicked ways, though I still indulge in them occasionally—only *one* thing you have never heard me do and never will hear me, viz.: ridicule or tell disadvantageous stories of those with whom I am upon a footing of friendship. . . . To me it seems that the utmost frankness to a friend's face (always, of course, used with delicacy and consideration), and the utmost fidelity to him behind his back are

the only loyal course; yet, I perfectly recognize that another might be equally sincere in differing from me. I say *recognize*, though I cannot *understand* it. I think all human relations in life, to be sacred and beautiful, must have, like flowers and fruits, a certain bloom and freshness. Now the public handling of a friend's weaknesses (which are, perhaps, sometimes more his misfortune than his fault) without gloves, —unveiling them in their secret sources and making them public property for public amusement, is unfair on humanitarian grounds, disloyal on friendship's grounds, and in the end destructive to the "bloom" of relation. This is my sentiment in the matter; it may seem only a sentiment or sentimentality, but sentiments are sometimes the most real and powerful things, even if we can not logically defend or even explain them! . . . It seems to me that the best courtesy consists in evincing on all occasions, and to all, —poor and rich, handsome and ugly, high or low, whether present or absent,—a delicate consideration and respect. For my own part, I think this consideration is infinitely more significant and admirable than any amount of devotion to the mere etiquettes, trivial or otherwise, of society; though I don't say the last are not desirable in whatever degree is consistent with individual integrity, and I should leave each individual to judge this. Such individual independence would perhaps break up the organization of society, but I don't know that society as at present organized is any more admirable than prevailing church or state organizations. They are all necessary for those who need

them; and let those who are willing to give up, even in a degree, individual independence, belong to organizations and enjoy the advantage of their "prestige" and coöperation. Certainly from one, from many points of view, society is a great magazine of wrong that men have accumulated against themselves, a prodigious conspiracy to destroy the individuality of each of its members. When one looks into its interior workings, the forces that keep it alive and the character of the *esprit de corps* which keeps its machinery running, one is disgusted with one's self for helping to keep it in motion, though for being a "nonconformist" one is whipped with Mrs. Grundy's displeasure.

Therefore, if one sincerely keeps away from it, or *in* it maintains, from sincere conviction, a degree of individuality that makes him "conspicuous," may such conspicuousness become, say I, less and less rare! Many of the rules of society are founded on and sprang from the very acme of human selfishness and narrowness. Under smooth, attractive garments, these rules govern, in a surprisingly slavish way, many of the best of the earth;—I do not say that these "best of the earth" lose anything of integrity by conforming to them, provided they do so *sincerely*, convinced that in the present state of things conforming is best, and most advantageous and desirable. On the other hand, I have a hearty respect for those whose moral convictions do not permit their belonging or conforming to the prevailing social organization; who are willing to be scoffed at, lonely, neglected; never through the trying neglect and loneliness yielding their con-

viction in the smallest iota. These extremists are perhaps not polished—sometimes they are unattractive and disagreeable—but I respect their sincerity. Undoubtedly, too, they are often laughable enough. You need not conclude that I would advocate this extreme course in anything. I do not. I think we can do much where we stand, modestly going on our own course, and accepting received customs with grace and affability. I quite agree with you that some people seek the *non-conformist* position through motives of mere personal vanity: such of course are quite as insincere and worldly in their way as the veriest devotee to fashionable society. But occasionally society is colored here and there, by people with strong individualities, strong wills, strong prejudices and strong convictions. Disagreeable as they may be in some ways, I don't know that they are not, after all, desirable as a relief to the wearying monotony of the back-ground!

Ah, if we had the power to read every heart with its temptations, struggles, disappointments and pains, how much tenderer and more charitable we should be! To be sure, if this knowledge were vouchsafed us, it would involve suffering to us, but I think this would be made up by the blessed power a true insight would give us to encourage and strengthen others just where they are weak and need it; to help them by a self-forgetful sympathy to be the best they are capable of.

I think it is well for us to meet in battle occasionally. Perhaps the combined forces of our brains reach something that each unaided might have missed. I may be seeking the

truth in one direction and you may start from an opposite one, but when our thoughts cross each other they touch and find a point which never would have been reached had we each gone on forever our solitary course. . . .

I don't believe that there is any heart that beats that has not in one way or another its struggles, pangs and disappointments. Yes, I have the utmost faith (strengthened by observation and experience) that a Supreme Principle—a Divine Intelligence does in the end bring good out of evil, and makes to spring from our tears blossoming, thornless flowers. It seems a cruel law, this law of maternity. I mean that every advance in the race or individual is gained at the cost of pain. Every new advance is a birth, and comes by labor-throes,—yet it seems as if the good earned out of pangs and tears smiles at last in our lap like a Christ-child. I am not advancing this as a mere theory, nor do I know that this fact makes present pain less keen. Yet to me this faith explains many a seeming mystery. . . .

Mount Desert, 1870.

When the atmosphere is clear, the scenery is peculiar and imposing. Yesterday we climbed to the top of a fine mountain and got a very complete view of the panorama of the island. The horizon is everywhere filled with the outlines of mountains that enclose more and more distant ranges—where, in the words of Shelley, “The vast heart of the ocean throbs eternally.” As if to add another charming variety to the

grand combination of mountain and forest with the glorious expanse of open sea, numberless wooded harbors, dotted with islands, give a picturesque charm all their own to the scene, and looked yesterday, from the height where we were, like so many inland lakes. We spent the entire day on the mountain, and ate our lunch beneath the cedar-trees. The atmosphere had the clearness of October with the balminess of summer; all color seemed to have gathered a new vividness for our special benefit. The company was just to my taste; in short, the day was a realized ideal of rustic enjoyment. I say rustic—do “rustics” read Comte and Hugo, recite Shakspeare and quote Herbert Spencer and Baudelaire? For thus it is,—we go to Nature and return to books! We eulogize log-cabins, rant at civilization, and enkindle our thoughts by contact with civilization’s best products. We prate about the ennobling joys of solitude, and turn for companionship to literature, which in its sweetest forms is only the perfume of crushed human spirits.

I think all nations are pretty evenly balanced as to merits or demerits. Every nation has its own form of national conceit, which in each case is distasteful to all other nations. I have a great conceit of *my* country in some respects, yet this does not make me feel any the less distaste at the expression of this same quality in another American, or any other native of any other country. So it goes! There are always two sides to a shield. We see the side nearest us while outsiders see the other side. Of course we can only

reach the whole truth or understand the real composition of the shield when the peculiarities of both sides are seen and known; that we get but half the truth is our own loss. You grant to France that she has been a "stirring element" in the development of the "modern world," but the "stirring element" is really the material with which civilization works. Stagnation is the arch enemy of Progress. Please try to adore the French nation as fervently as I do,—I mean their *excellencies*, you know!

Thanksgiving night I attended a delightful concert, and I wished you were there; it was given by Mr. Ritter, and was composed entirely of his original music, which is so broad and noble in form, and so poetic in conception, that it is a treat to listen to it. His songs taken from Hafiz are the very embodiment in tone of Oriental mysticism, grace and aroma. To my mind he has no equal among modern composers; he will never be successful, however, in the worldly sense, for he is a *true* artist (a rare individual), and will not sacrifice his artistic conscience and ideal one iota, either for lucre or Mrs. Grundy. At the next Philharmonic concert we are to have Camilla Urso, and I am already enjoying the pleasure of anticipation. She is a feminine musical Puck, and puts a tone-girdle around the earth in less than a minute. Her style is not brilliant or obtrusive, but living and breathing,—her especial eloquence is in that very reticence of passion which reveals intensity. If I could play the violin through one night as she does, I would be willing to be a female Prometheus for the remainder of my life!

This beautiful afternoon a veritable Sabbath rest seems to brood everywhere over the landscape, and to whisper messages of peace through the murmuring leaves. I wish you were here with me to enjoy the charming view from this piazza. It overlooks a luxurious green valley, that stretches back through the broad mellow perspective to the noble lines of the distant mountains, drawn against the empyrean blue of the horizon, in an endless variety of majestic curve. While I am sitting here, there comes a faint sound of the afternoon church-bells floating up through the peaceful valley from the villages below. The tone-effect is delicious. Advertising is a necessity—even the Lord himself needs it—else, why the church-bells? I have been reading between times, since I came, Ruskin's last volumes of lectures on Art. I have also two other favorite authors: Emerson's last book, "Society and Solitude," and Taine's "L'Italie." I find it very interesting to read Ruskin and Taine together, and compare them as critics. It seems to me that Ruskin's study of Art has not been as broad as Taine's, though he has studied Nature much more closely. He is more a superb panegyrist than an impartial critic. Taine brings into criticism a broader, more far-seeing method. He sees in Art only one among many definite illustrations of human progress. Unlike most critics, he does not see Art, Nature, and Life itself through his own or his nation's private telescope, but, leaving personalities and technicalities aside, he has given an eloquent and thoughtful study of human development. Only a Frenchman of real culture is capable of conceiving so generous an enthusiasm for

the creations of another nation. It seems to me that his criticism of Greek and Roman art is an interesting estimate of character.

These September days have been so charming! The scenic pictures here gain in beauty every day. The vivid foliage and mountain streams that flash in the all-embosoming sunlight,—the purple gold haze that clings to the hill-tops with dewy fingers,—the delicious penetrating stillness,—the richly tinted grains, which the fresh breeze stirs into soft undulations that melt into the mystic dream of the fading perspective,—the steadfast lines of the mountains, that gleam against the lovely deep of the clear horizon—form a landscape picture which, seen through the luminous ether of these perfect autumn days, is a rich delight to soul and sense. For my part, I do not enjoy the small mountains any the less for knowing that the Alps and Rocky Mountains contain peaks 15,000 feet high. “After having seen Switzerland,” I heard a lady say yesterday, “all this seems so *inane*.” A very inane remark, say I.

Argument carried on in the right spirit may be at least amusing if not instructive, and may be both; but the arguers must be willing to permit a mutual frankness. I am so warm in argument that I sometimes forget good manners, and become sharp and personal, which is most undesirable,—but I am only excited about the matter, and have not any personal feeling whatever, even when I use personal illustrations. I think if

people are strong enough to bear it, it is a good thing for individuals of different nationalities to come into contact and collision sometimes. It is wholesome to get out, once in a while, of our own family and our own nation. We get a larger and different horizon, and traveling, when our eyes are open to conviction, may be beneficial. . . .

I wish you were here, if only for an hour, to enjoy with me the charm of this mountain retreat. From where I sit I look over rich fields of wheat and clover, where the shadow and gleam are forever astir—beyond to the distant hills, drawn in exquisite curves against a summer sky, that glows one gracious breath of light. Near me is a grove, where the very air seems one broad tangle of luminous leaves and dewy shadow. Below, in the corn-fields, the summer sun has reddened the tall ears and flushed the tawny sheaves, and down the quiet lane the cattle are trooping to their fragrant pastures. The day is full of a sweet and sovereign dignity—a day, when everywhere about our pathway an infinite play of glad life seethes and swarms and sings and shines. Have you not known these perfect days—days so imperious with exalted beauty that all literal things become symbolic—all symbolic things literal? In such days mere existence becomes a sovereign gain and possession.

Our party here is a very pleasant one, and we enjoy our various excursions and our readings together very much. This life in the woods is a great test—not so much of character as nature. Here among the primitive *sauvagerie* of Nature, city punctiliousness is ludicrous, but native *refinement* makes any condition tasteful and charming. I thought of this frequently in our camp life of the past few days, where the most primitive living and unusual situations seemed only to bring into keener relief the inborn delicacy and breeding of our gentleman escorts. I wish you could see some of the sunset effects on this lovely “Lake Placid.” Certainly this region has an enchantment peculiarly its own. Here Solitude seems to have reached its final or remained at its first representation. The endless line of forests on the shore suggest in their solemn depths of freshness and quiet the ultimate dream of a rest we can only imagine—never know. The lakes sparkle or pale in the dim or tumultuous winds—the mountains hold forever the double charm of infinite stability and infinite motion. For to me they do not embody steadfastness alone. They are fixed in position, yet their outlines flow forever through and through each other, “without haste, without rest,” in a perpetually dissolving view.

Palenville, Sept. 12th, 1871.

Dearest Susan :

YOU are very naughty, dear, for not writing one word to me all this time, though perhaps—*quien sabe?*—you may have been waiting to hear from me. At any rate I am going to send a few words to you, if only for the sake of getting a brief greeting in return, for I am fairly thirsty to have something from or of you. Since I cannot see your dear face or hear your dear voice, put a fragment of yourself on paper, and send it to me. Dear, bridge over this long silence between us by telling me something of yourself and your doings all this summer. Not long since, I was in town for a day and night. In the evening I went to —, but the house was dark and closed. *Ich war darüber ganz betrübt.*

I have been to the Adirondacks—and you? What a peculiar enchantment there is indeed about that region. There solitude sits in her throne like a goddess. . . . Oh, we had such glorious times there—and I rowed famously! The complete independence of life and the exhilarating out-door existence are very fascinating. Why did you not come to Lake Placid? Did you not intend to do so? We talked about you and wanted you ever so much. Why won't you come up here for a week? It would be superb. There is hardly any one at this house now. Only a maiden lady, who is sepulchrally well-behaved, and a young man, with "book-keeping" written in a neat mercantile hand all over his person. Then—I forgot there is me, "me-self," who am just now a bit lonesome for my dear friend. Tell her to come

here quickly. Did we not plan all winter to have *some* trip *somewhere* this summer? and we did not have it. Nevertheless there is a charm in excursions that are only planned and not fulfilled. They remain forever in the region of the ideal, among the songs that never were sung, the pictures that never were painted. What is more, by deliberately *not* fulfilling a plan we respect our illusions.

I have ever so much to tell you, and you will tell me, when I see you, many things about your summer campaign. Dear, is not one of the very best things in life a genuine and hearty *friendship*? not a mere sentimentality on the lips, but a heart-allegiance that is steadfast and uplifting through every season—for every mood—for failure as well as success—for weakness as well as strength! I almost wish you would get wicked (is n't that amiable?), that I might have the satisfaction of proving to you how independent my friendship is for you of any human weakness. Keep a place in your heart for me always—and whether, as time goes on, I prove more or less than you thought me, let me at least always love you as much as I desire. I am lonesome to-day—I have books and Nature, but Humanity (in choice specimens) is still better. *Ich schicke dir tausend Grüsse*. I ought to be glad of mere living to-day, for the sky and atmosphere are one gracious breadth of light. But I'm not glad—but cross and inclined to growl. Send me a letter and I'll be good.

Christmas, 1870.

To F. B. Carpenter :

PLEASE accept, dear friend, this small edition of a great poet. Keats is to me the Franz Schubert of poetry. There was in his nature that combination of shyness and *abandon*, of exquisite refinement and equally exquisite ardor, that seems to me the only atmosphere of the real poet. His genius was like a sensitive, lustrous blossom turned in upon its own dreaming heart, and opening only into color and fragrance at the touch of influences akin and sympathetic. But once awakened, how rich and varied the tints, how delicate and entrancing the perfume ! Keats is one of the few poets who has the mother element in him ; a heart in which we can keep a hiding-place to dream and hope, to weep and smile. I hope you will find the same charms in him that I have ; and shall be so glad if you learn to know and love him through my mediumship. If you do find any delight in his poetry, life will be richer to you ; for every heart in which we encounter some new sympathy is a new gift to us from Heaven. Accept the simple gift with the warmest wishes for happiness to you in all the coming New Years, from your always faithful friend.

London, August 4th, 1872.

My dear friend :

. . . The thing that has interested me most is the "Albert Monument," erected by the English people to the Prince Consort. The monument itself is of colored marble,

inlaid with the finest mosaic work, and would be very impressive except that the tower is too stunted and insignificant for the great breadth of the lower supporting design. But the marble bas-reliefs that surround the four sides of the monument are by far the finest that I have seen anywhere. They represent the poets, composers, architects and painters of all countries, and are grouped with a grace and appropriateness which evince not only the keenest perception of the individual characters, but of their relation to each other and to the world at large. The individual groups are exquisite, but are not separated from the impressive unity of the whole. The existing likenesses are adhered to as far as possible, but the spiritual likeness is preserved with marvellous perception of the motive of the individual life and inspiration. No one attitude is repeated—a most remarkable fact where such a number of figures are represented. The defect in most grouping is obtrusiveness of attitude. The figures, however well executed, have the conscious air of having their portraits taken for the benefit of society at large—a Jack Hornerish satisfaction. The grouping of these bas-reliefs is entirely free from this common and gross blemish. They seem to represent a company of living men, in earnest converse or thought, wholly forgetful of their personalities in the larger atmosphere of some higher inspiration. The realist will complain of the anachronism of representing Homer and Dante, for instance, side by side. The idealist says, here is represented the ever-living reality of the union between the great souls of all ages, the fair and excellent of all times.

One of the most significant groups is that of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. Homer, with flowing beard, the grand head slightly bowed, is playing his lyre with a solemn and pathetic expression that pervades all the powerful personality. Dante is below, leaning on outstretched hands and head upturned towards the sightless bard. Shakespeare is looking not *up*, but *out*, yet he, too, is at Homer's feet, and with his hand to his ear is waiting to catch the harmonies of the old Greek's master-hand. As a whole, the positions of the three great poets are admirably just, for the more modern Dante and Shakespeare owed much to their majestic predecessor. Then the individual figures are so subtly significant. Dante, the radical, maintains, though at Homer's feet, an attitude of dignity and self-conscious power; there is nothing obsequious or melting in the outlines. The revolutionist poet who dared in his day to put the leading men of state and church into his immortal "Inferno" does not droop at the feet of any human power. He looks up to the great Homer with respect, but in an attitude that preserves not only all the dignity of his personality but all the sharpness and even angularity of his human characteristics. Shakespeare's too is a profound representation. He also sits at Homer's feet, to learn of him, but he does not look up towards him. His gaze is fixed upon some limitless horizon in the distance, and while he waits to listen to Homer's lyre he is already creating his own dream of beauty out and beyond the sound of other human song. The face and figure are not so majestic as those of Ward's statue, but with that exception, are more dignified and beautiful than any I have seen.

Then the group of musicians is exquisitely appropriate. The great Sebastian Bach, with face and figure obstinate and solid, is standing between Gluck and Handel. The two latter are listening with intense interest to something that the great master is telling them. Gluck's face is poetic and reverential in its expression. Handel's is grander and more thoughtful. Gluck bends towards Bach; Handel stands erect on his own position; but both are listening with the utmost respect to the words of "*der unerreichte Meister aller Meister*" ("the unreachd master of all masters"), as Handel called Bach. It is entirely just that Bach, the profoundest erudite in counterpoint ever known, and a stickler for rule, should be explaining something about the scientific theory of music.

Beethoven is among the group, but also apart. His expression is one of absolute absorption and loneliness, and the figure, though in close contiguity to the others, gives the impression of entire alienation. When reproved for not holding to the rules, Beethoven replied, "What care I for rules? I have rules of my own." And therefore why should he care very much for Bach's subtleties as to the scientific limitations and possibilities of the chord of the ninth? Mendelssohn, poetic and dreamy, with a touch only of daring in the face, is leaning on the shoulder of Weber, full of genial social life, and evidently dependent on human sympathy.

So I might go on describing, till you were weary of the theme, but I give you these examples that you may see what I mean by the profound conception of the great artist-sculptor or sculptors; for Olmstead and Philip—destined, I think, to immortal fame—worked together.

I enjoyed this monument, too, from another point of view. It is so refreshing to approach an object about which you have heard nothing, and can have no prior prejudices, *pro* or *con*, and make up your own mind about it. It seems then to be a discovery or revelation. As I had absolutely heard not one opinion expressed on the subject of these bas-reliefs, I felt as if to me they came as a special gift.

Paris, 16th August, 1872.

To James Freeman Clarke.

My dear friend :

WE arrived in Paris last Wednesday evening from London, where I wrote you two letters. We remain so short a time at the different places where we stop that every moment is occupied with sight-seeing, and at night we are completely tired—so much so as to feel much more inclined to retire into the blessed arms of Morpheus than to write letters. When I write to my friends I want to feel fresh and alive—but the truth is, that since we left the “Nebraska,” after our long and tiresome voyage, we have been hurrying everything at a velocipedian rate in London and here, because we are obliged to go to Switzerland now to meet my sister, who leaves there the first of September. The result is, that what with sight-seeing and some necessary shopping, we get quite fagged out by night, and I do not seem to have a moment to write letters. It is a mere chance, the respite to write these few

words to you, and now, when I want to tell you about various impressions, I feel too tired to think or to express thought.

What are you doing, and where are you now? How I wish I could have you here! I wrote you that I was very sick on board the "Nebraska." I came ashore in an exhausted condition (two weeks of nausea and arrow-root is a somewhat depressing experience), and instead of having some time to rest, I have been working hard every moment, and you know how hard I worked before I left. We have no nurse yet for the children, and I have to be nurse,—dress the children, sew on buttons, etc.,—and what is more difficult than all, to be courier on shopping expeditions for people who can't manage *la belle langue française*. I am going to Switzerland next week, and hope to be able to rest there for a couple of weeks.

Gersau, "Lac des quatre cantons," Suisse.

The above, dear friend, was written ever so many days ago in Paris. I don't think I need to tell you how tired I was when I wrote it, for the chirography tells the story plainly enough. Just a week ago we left Paris, taking the night train, and came through to this place to meet my sister. The journey was tiresome, but since then I have been resting, and begin to feel like myself again. I should have written before but we have been off on an excursion. Since your letter, received in London, I have not had one word from you.

There may be letters awaiting me in Paris, but I can't get them. Twice I have written, and as yet none have come—but it seems so long ago—and I feel deserted by all my friends. This “Vierwaldstädter See” is very beautiful. No adjective can describe it adequately. Oh! why are you not here to climb the Rigi Scheideck?—to row me across to the “Gersaubach,” etc., etc.? Where are you now, and do you sometimes think of me?

Belgirate, Lago Maggiore, Sept. 7th, 1872.

This letter, I fear, will be very ancient before it reaches you. We are so constantly on the wing, that correspondence is rather a difficult matter. At Gersau, we met my sister and her husband, and came from there with them to this charming spot on this *lago famoso*.

We left Gersau last Friday afternoon, and came through the “Vierwaldstädter See” to Fluelen, where we passed the night. The next morning, at 6 o'clock, we left by *vetturino*, and went that day over the grand St. Gotthard Pass to Airolo, where we passed the night. Sunday, we continued our journey, and reached Maccadino on Lago Maggiore that night. Monday, we left for Belgirate in the steamboat, and reached here at 4 o'clock P. M. Oh, how I longed for you, dear friend, during this delightful journey! Where were you, I wonder?

The hotel Borromeo, where we are staying, is an excellent house, and charmingly situated. Lamperti, the famous Italian

teacher of vocal music, comes here every summer, and is followed by a troupe of incipient or accomplished artists, who crowd about him to receive instruction and study operatic rôles.

They are a type of human nature that are a source of perpetual study and amusement to me; they sing everywhere—in the street, at the table, (have you, by the way, any acquaintance so improper as to sing at table?) and on the water. The women smoke, wear their hair loose, swear occasionally, and laugh perpetually. The men loaf, play cards, eat prodigiously, and roar constantly. They all have strong physiques, huge appetites, and large lungs; are kindly, coarse, merry, narrow, ignorant and jolly,—are in short simple “children of nature” (what a disrespect to charge Mother Nature with maternity to all the vagrants of the earth!) who have sensibility instead of sentiment, instincts instead of feelings, impressions instead of ideas. Yet there is to me (who am half Bohemian by nature) a certain charm about the joyousness and freedom of their lives. They live in one great enthusiasm—music, and have no consciousness of that very near-sighted and equally self-conceited dame, Mrs. Grundy. They are happy, because they feel little and think less. No “noble discontent” disturbs the “even tenor of their ways.” But don’t be alarmed, my dear friend, I shall not join this gypsy band of musical vagabonds; the other half of my nature revolts and refuses.

I am sitting on the terrace under the trees on the shore of this *lago bello*, wishing you were here to enjoy with me

this delicious air and landscape. Land and water are iridescent with light and freshness; a harmonizing ether pervades the forms and tints of heaven and earth, which leaves a fragrance in the spirit beyond the sense. I use the word fragrance, because I know of no other which so expresses my meaning.

It is very warm here,—indeed we have found it unusually warm everywhere. Is there any place on the face of the earth where it is not warm? Greenland itself has doubtless calorific griefs, and I question whether Sir John Franklin, in the midst of Arctic icebergs, may not have died of a sun-stroke. My sister is studying singing with Lamperti, and has made immense progress. Day before yesterday he tried my voice, and said, “*Sì, sì una bella voce*”; he then turned deliberately to me, and asked me if I had musical *talento*, to which I as deliberately replied, “*Sì Signore, molto talento.*” At this, the old man, whose ugly face flashes with *esprit* and *finesse*, laughed immoderately, patted me on the shoulder patronizingly, and muttered several times, “*Va bene—va bene!*” My sister has a piano in her room, and last evening at twilight, I was alone and playing. Suddenly I heard a laugh, and a voice said, “*Sì sì, molto talento.*” Turning, I saw old Lamperti standing at the open door, grinning and bobbing his head, an expression of mingled *diablerie* and *bonhomie* on his face that was simply alarming and largely agreeable. Emily wants me to take lessons of him, but how can I do that and go to Germany?

I am very much disturbed about your political opinions, my dear Mr. J. F. Clarke. I cannot conceive that for a

moment you could contemplate voting for Horace Greeley for the Presidency. If from the impulse of a kindly heart he many years ago espoused the cause of the negro, and consistently upheld that cause, so much stands in his favor. The same dogged obstinacy which he has carried into the support of many illogical and bad causes, he put into that one, which happened to be good. Yet to-day he is the candidate of a party that has been the corrupt enemy of all the best interests of country and state. During a war which tried men and proved their quality as nothing but such a crisis could do, honest Democrats threw aside all the miserable toadyism their party had entertained for Southern chivalry and institutions, and pledged themselves body and soul to the maintenance of the Federal Government. "Our cause is just, noble, logical," said they, "and we will not give up our principles, our convictions, in the face of defeat, temptation, death itself." What did "honest Horace" do?—he trembled, fawned, and backed out. Every counsel he gave was cowardly and senseless, every opinion he uttered proved him incapable of not only comprehending the logic of the hour but the real significance of the conflict. Every action he took (save the one absurd "on to Richmond" movement) was towards conciliation and renunciation of principle. He was ready, under the shadow of defeat (when patriots were simply renewing their heart-pledge to their country), to fall on his knees to the secession conspiracy, and beg the favor of continued existence under its flag. The articles written by him at this time would be called the utterances of a man who had neither

ideas nor principles had they been penned by any other hand than that of "honest Horace." It is the opinion of many that as long ago as his bailing-out and shaking of hands with Jeff. Davis he was contemplating some future Presidency, and that whatever patriotism he had has been swallowed up by his enormous mania for notoriety and the "White House." But even if he is not the wily politician, under the guise of simplicity, that many suppose him to be, is he at best a fit man for the Presidency? If his actions have been sincere (which is extremely doubtful), have they at any rate been wise? Have they not proved, do they not prove him to be a man incapable of clear vision, balanced judgment, logical conclusions? The very qualities which he ascribes to women—unthinking prejudice, lack of clear judgment, incapacity for reason, tendency to small antagonisms, small ends towards personal aggrandizement, etc., etc. (qualities which, he affirms, unfit her for the use of power in government), are precisely the qualities which he himself possesses in an extraordinary degree. Grant may not be all that is best in a President—he is a simple soldier. Greeley is a complicated sage; but at least we may say that in a President safe mediocrity is preferable to dangerous cleverness. Greeley's devotion to his country has always just fallen short of martyrdom. Grant's devotion was proved in many a terrible hour, in the face of death itself. Grant stayed in the "bramble-bush" at the risk of forever losing his eyes. Greeley, unlike "the valiant man in our town," kept away from the bramble-bush himself, but sent his compatriots

therein, and then prescribed as cure for their wounds the very "bush," under another name, which had originally maimed them.

Now the original "bramble-bush" man alone understood the true significance of the *similia similibus* principle.—My dear friend you will laugh at me, who am only a female, for instructing you in politics, but "out of the mouth of babes," etc !

Berlin.

The above was written several days since,—indeed, we have been traveling so fast (as Dr. Warner's return necessitates hurry) that I have had no time for quiet letter-writing, and all the letters that I send off from here bear various dates, and are very incongruous articles. Pray excuse, and do write me soon. You cannot tell how glad I am to get letters from my friends at home, and especially from a friend so dear and valued as you. I expect to be very lonesome this winter here in Berlin, for I shall be almost entirely among strangers; but it will be good discipline, for my friends at home spoiled me too much.

My husband will leave me in about two weeks, and I dread his going so, I dare not think of it. But I must try to keep up a brave heart. We have not yet found permanent apartments, but are looking about every day. We are waiting anxiously for the return to Berlin of our friend Dr. Fred. Kapp. (Did you not know him in New-York, by reputation ? He is now member of Parliament here, and an interesting

man.) Dr. Warner sends his best regards. Did you have a fine time in the Adirondacks? I hope you miss me ever so much. I wish to be missed. Oh! do, do write soon. It is so nice to get letters from you. Good-bye, for a while.

New-York, March 2d, 1872.

Dearest Marnie:

IF I could only take a peep in upon you! I hear you are going to Rome—what a treat the Vatican will be! Then you will, for the first time, adequately know Raphael. In all his pictures (except those of the “Stanze”) there is the fatal touch of church and state fetters. In his early pictures he was a mere imitator of his revered master, Perugino—later, bribed, sold, a minion to ecclesiasticism and despotism; in the “Stanze” he breaks the chains and becomes a man. In the “Disputa” you will find one of the noblest solutions of the problem of the Real and the Ideal (which even the Titan Goethe’s discussions sixty years ago have not put at rest). When the great artist places Saint Peter by the side of Adam, Saint Paul by the side of Abraham, Saint John, the Sibyl, and Saint George of Cappadocia, in close companionship, he certainly commits some startling anachronisms. Nevertheless, in this ideal company the great master symbolizes the living reality in an ever-living present of the union and harmony between all aspiring souls; he shows us the higher relations of a nobler social life, uniting all that is fair

and excellent from all times. Titian's picture at Venice of "The Confirmation of the Child Virgin" is also another noble example of the union between the Ideal and the Real.—You will, of course, go to Venice. Nothing interested me more abroad than the portraits by the great masters. The faces of Rembrandt, superb (though I *will* maintain unnatural) in color, are so vital! One turns to them from Denner's laborious copies of skin and hair to read something which lies deeper than the exterior cuticle. But to return to the Vatican—there you will see the picture *called* the greatest in the world, Raphael's "Transfiguration." To me, it is fragmentary, rigid in color, motionless in atmosphere; and wonderful though the sense be of *upsoaring* in the figure of Christ, how feeble and insignificant the face! However, I am a heretic about this picture as about many others, and perhaps you will enjoy it with the complete satisfaction that the ages have done. But *my* grandest picture is Rubens's "Crucifixion," at Antwerp. His "Descent" is called his masterpiece—no, say I! Nothing have I ever seen in painting of religious subjects to compare with Rubens's "Crucifixion." In the first place (a rare merit in the old masters' works), it is completely dramatic. Then the head and figure of Christ! The victory of spirit over matter—the triumph of immortality over mortality—the "peace which passeth understanding"—are symbolized in immortal eloquence in the form of a grand human being. The majesty of an uplifted and triumphant manhood is stamped in masterly touches from the crown of the grand head to the wasted, but powerful feet. "*Veder Napoli e poi*

morire," say the Neapolitans—I would say, rather, "See Rubens's 'Christ,' his masterpiece, and then die."—See the sculpture at the Vatican by torch-light if you can. The effect is powerful and telling. In the "Laöcoon" you will see the element which Delsarte says is the last attainment in all art life, viz.: repression,—power and passion suggested in the ultimate eloquence of *repression* rather than *expression*. The "Laöcoon" does not scream, it throbs; in the midst of physical agony, of which no throe is concealed, you feel the figure writhes, but does not moan.

. . . Indeed, there is so much abroad in the vast accumulation of the ages in art and science, to interest, inspire and suggest! Every step on European ground is eloquent with history. Yet one's enjoyment abroad depends so much upon the company one has! Nothing makes the brain and imagination work like the companionship on the Old World ground of some person or persons who are educated to Europe, if I may use that expression—for, indeed, one must take to Europe as much as, if not more than, he brings away. On the other hand, if you happen to be thrown with commonplace, enthusiastic people, they seem abroad infinitely more wearisome than in America. It seems to me that one enjoys fresh, new people immensely abroad, if they are of the right kind. I hope you will make some delightful acquaintances *en voyage*; for, to judge from my experience, they make some of the pleasantest episodes of travel. Indeed they even make the treasures of the art world seem meagre compared to the riches of human nature, and on the other hand, add a

new color to the landscape and galleries. Schiller was right when he said, "After all, the human soul is the mine of all riches, and men and women are the best discoveries and the best inspiration."

(B.)

February 18th, 1873.

Dear Mrs. Leonowens :

EMERSON says somewhere : "Trust your impulse and you cannot dare too much or hope too much." Perhaps this would hardly do as a rule of action. Kleptomaniacs, and other peculiarly constituted people who would adopt the above as a motto, might thereby unsettle the foundations of society almost as much as female suffragists. Nevertheless, I am very grateful to Emerson for the above phrase, for it gives me entire authority to trust my impulse—ensuring *daring*, and enkindling *hope*.

The impulse is this (and it has frequently tormented me since your New Year's visit), to write you and express to you what I feel for you. I have had such a warm feeling for you in my heart since those long talks we had, that I have frequently longed to give it expression, but feared you would think me obtrusive. That was a *mauvaise honte* on my part, I think, and not an instinct, but a childish reserve cultivated by a society in which human relations are founded mainly on a police force named suspicion. So I am going to follow impulse and instinct, and make my confession and

tell you—that I love you, and come to you to ask permission to continue the same.

I admire your *attainments* and look up to you intellectually; but I love you for your whole nature, your large sympathies, that uncompromising liberality which is so rare and can only come from a noble equilibrium of head and heart. In love, you know, the lover makes his confession and does not stint warmth in expression. Why may not friendship have the same privilege? I know this is not usual and may be somewhat startling and unconventional. We think admiration and feel affection for certain sweet and noble souls we meet, but never would dare to give the emotion complete expression. We use terms that are enigmatical, half veiled, semi-suggested. We turn down the lights—why not let them burn in fulness? The other night, at —, I wanted to put my arms about you and tell you that I love you,—and society would not have wondered much, since I am called “peculiar,”—but you would hardly have liked, just there, such exuberance in expression. Indeed, I am not at all certain you would ever like it. But please remember that all I ask is permission to love you, and to show that affection by any service which the good God may permit me to give.

I ask nothing from you. I have made my confession. I have borne witness to my faith, and I am proud of it. This world is full of peculiar people, and I suppose I am one of them—*on le dit*—but you will let me live all the same. To love and admire you is the most natural thing in the world; to write a letter just to say that and say it ardently, is not

common in any one's experience, I suppose. But you will understand—you will judge the impulse and action in their very substance aright.

I wrote the above two days ago. Since then, Professor C—— has promised to come here next Friday evening and read Robert Browning, and won't you come to hear him? The reading is only to last a very short time, but we are to have a social time, and you will meet some friends,—the B——s and F——s among others,—and Mr. J. F. C., who will be here.

I shall ask about a dozen people for the evening. Please come, won't you? Your room is waiting for you. I think you will enjoy Prof. C——'s reading—it is really admirable. You must not disappoint me, please.

(c.)

Often in the country, I have been lounging on the grass, giving myself up to the vague sense of some beautiful mysterious Whole, when suddenly love for some special object near has penetrated my dream, a longing for a closer nearness. I have plucked the grass, and kissed it, and only through that nearness knew for the first time how rich was the sense of its cool freshness. I have pressed the wild flower with the touch of love, and only then learned how delicate was its perfume; I have put my arms about the grassy knoll, and only in that close approach discovered rich and exquisite undergrowths whose beauty was a revelation. Is it not so

with affection? Does not the yearning which possesses us to reach the deeper inner life of our friend—to gain a fuller nearness with his whole being—bring its own special revelation? To the casual eye, the rare undergrowths, the delicate perfume, the rich freshness of that nature are unknown—but to affection the vision is revealed. Thus our friend believes in our best capabilities, and that faith is one of the most precious gifts of friendship.

New-York, Tuesday, November 9th, 1874.

You don't know, *liebes Mütterchen*, how disappointed I was not to go on with you to Philadelphia; I had looked forward with such pleasure to being with you, and upon seeing dear Bessie and all her friends, and I don't bear disappointments well; I am not at all inclined to the saintly virtues of resignation, etc. *Au contraire*. How did the lecture come off? How much I did want to hear you! I see you are to lecture here, the 20th, and then I shall go to hear you, and take all my being with me.

Are you going to be here for the evening of November 18th? If so, I wish you would pass that evening here with us. The "Fraternity Club" meets here that evening, and I have been appointed to read the essay; and I want you so much here to encourage me in my performance! Think of that critic of critics, Mr. O. B. F——, staring at me through his eye-glasses! I want your sweet, sympathetic face in between

as a screen. It will make all the difference in the world to me, your being here. Now, you will come, won't you? Don't say no! I am *going* to expect you. I presume you have been greatly enjoying your stay in Philadelphia. What exquisite weather you have been having! I have been up to the B——s, and the Hudson River region was looking beautifully. I wish I could some day have some long hours in the country with you. I wish I knew you would always love me a little;—give me a place in your heart, even if ever so small, if it were only *mine*. I have many kind friends, yet often I feel lonely, *entirely* lonely; I should be less so with your dear friendship. But I fear my too impulsive and somewhat wildish ways are not pleasant to you,—are sometimes distasteful. If so, tell me frankly, that I may try to change them. Write me a word *tout de suite* and tell me you will keep the evening of *November 18th* for me, won't you?

Give my love to Auntie Justice, and dear Bessie, and May Lewis, and very kind regards to all.

If Avis is with you, please give her my love, and take a great deal for your dear self.

Tannersville, Catskills, Aug. 21st, 1874.

Our party is a congenial one, and we lead a sort of dream-life together here. And sometimes the outer Nature, with its "heavenly alchemy" of color so fulfills the glow of the dream that it alone seems reality. Again the tears that

“gather to the eyes” in the joy and wonder of the beautiful earth and sky are the “tears of a divine despair.” When the mood comes, as it will sometimes, all the exquisite glances of thought and feeling that kindle the passing moment into a rich significance seem but the *Nachglühen* from that ideal world which it is our noble torment forever to long for—never to reach. Yet wherefore this longing for this dream of a Beyond? The longing for immortality is a fact that science has not yet accounted for. The soul enflamed with aspiration holds a deliberate kinship with the Creator of that aspiration, and the “glad sad” tears of human yearning obey a law as real as that which creates and fulfills bodily hunger. Ah! the answer is somewhere to the soul’s desire—as surely, must it not be, as the food which fulfills the yearning of the birds and flowers?

I was interrupted yesterday, and come again to-day to bring you a loving greeting. Please, please, please write me soon! It is such a pleasure to get your letters. I have been re-reading with great interest George Sand’s “Lelia.” You remember it?—the book that so many years ago started the public into horror, wonder, anger, terror, and rapturous admiration. The book will always be, it seems to me, more a great disorganizing force than a literary influence—a centre to men and women who are tormented with revolutionary instincts, its prime revolutionary idea being that woman has a right to her own individuality and career, and was not made for man in any sense that man is not made for woman. What a large nature George Sand

has, and (what is more remarkable) what an exquisite artist she is! When she is *only* French, she repels me. When she is *universal*,—as she oftenest is,—she enchants and inspires me. It seems to me she is the only writer, since Rousseau, who has dared to look directly and reverently into the very face of Nature.

Oh, how I wish you were here that we might read together, and have some long walks and talks! We have music and books and pleasant social times here. We discuss the Philosophies, the Entities, and the Isms. We wrestle with the problems of the origin of evil. We perpetrate, in exuberant reaction from such grave occupation, epigrams and nonsensities of various kinds,—in short, we find here use for our bodies, brains, and hearts. But sweeter is simple affection than all else. In self-surrender to another soul lies the secret of the finest exhilaration.

And, my dear mother-friend, the thought of you turns the beautiful lines of these mountains, as I look at them, into pure heart-waves of sympathy.

Tannersville, Catskills, July 16th, 1874.

A certain philosophical wit or witty philosopher writes as follows: "The mountains have a grand, lovable tranquillity, the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths

its silver scales until you cannot see their joints, but their shining is that of a snake's belly after all. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die." After reading these remarks can it be possible you will persist in remaining near the treacherous intelligence of the sea when you can flee to the "grand tranquillity" of the mountains? Alas! I know you are under the spell of the mighty enchantment of that waste of water-landscape (which, perhaps, you stop to gaze at even as you read this), whose ebb and flow swing their liquid metronome to a solemn measure that will beat forever on when man himself is but a fossil on its shores. No word-picture, however eloquent, of mountain charms can allure you; no, even could I send you with this a breath of this breeze fresh from the heart of bubbling springs hidden in the forest's depth, and fragrant with the exquisite aromas of sunny meadows and dewy glades. Often I think of you and long for your dear presence, my loved friend, and always my thought is glad and refreshing. For your friendship is a precious gift, and to love you and have the right to tell you so, is expansion and exhilaration to me. It makes me glad to think of you as *resting*, for even though you pass part of your time in study and work, is not congenial work rest? And I am sure the companionship of loving friends and the sweet vigor of the sea breeze will give you new strength and health. We came up here last Thursday, and the ride up the mountain was made charming to me by the presence of a lovely old lady and a lovely child. The little German

girl, whose name was Olga B——, we met on the boat; the old lady, Mis' F—— (as the country people say for *Mrs.*), got into the stage at Catskill village. She was a native of Poughkeepsie, and was going on a visit to Mis' C——, of Palenville. She smiled beamingly upon us as she entered, with the frank smile of a heart that trusted all other hearts; deposited her big colored carpet-bag at her feet, and held fast with one hand to her cotton umbrella, enveloped in a faded cover, and with the other to her bandbox, also securely wrapped in a calico bag. As soon as she saw the child she made a movement, and at the same time a discovery—viz., that her basket was missing! At this moment a boy, who had found it, handed it in. "Law, child, how glad I be!" Then turning to us: "I kinder thought somethin' was a-missin'; but you see I aint used to travelin'; but as soon as I saw 'Sissy' here, I thought she would like a cookie, and the cookies, you see, was in the basket." Here she untied the basket, and handed a cookie to "Sissy," who took it peremptorily, with a faint murmur of "*Danke schön*," interrupted by an immediate incision of small teeth into the heart of said cookie. We were sorry when the basket was missing, and glad when it was found, and glad that Sissy and "Auntie" ("They call me 'Auntie Freeborn' at hum," she said) were on such good terms. No wonder they had an immediate affinity, for the heart of each was equally fresh. The dark eye of the three-year old child was not brighter and tenderer than the blue eye of the

elder child of three score and ten. Both faces were sweet with a rare sensibility; both voices were touched with the winning modulation of loving natures; the smile of each was soft and bright with heart-tenderness and candor. The child's happiness lay in the sense of an embosoming beneficence ever about her, though she named it not; the elder child's happiness lay in the same consciousness, though she probably called it Religion, and connected it with the special tenets of a special church. One had just entered "the heaven that lies about our infancy;" the other (like Charles Lamb) had never left it. No young girl, on her first visit to an alluring metropolis, ever felt a greater delight in every new sight and sound than Auntie Freeborn on her first visit "up the mountain." She belonged to that class of people who never lose their pleasure in the *freshness* of things, and her keen appreciation of every form of nature was refreshing to behold. Little Olga was a perpetual pleasure to her, and though she did not understand her German prattle, she was sure it was very "knowin' talk," and nodded to us significantly in wondering approval. When the child slept on my knees, the dear old lady relinquished hold of her valuable umbrella to shade with a paper the little one's eyes from the sun; and when, upon awaking, Olga missed her dolly, and asked where it was with a quivering lip, Auntie became so agitated with sympathy that she nearly dropped her precious bandbox in her efforts to recover the other treasure. The dolly was found, and

Olga pressed it to her bosom, and exclaiming, "Ach! meine schone Puppe!" kissed repeatedly the wooden face where the nose was ignominious with mutilation, and the cheeks, through much embracing, bloomed no more. At a country boarding-house in the road we took in another passenger, and the bandbox, which Auntie had from the first resolutely held on her knees, was suddenly and ruthlessly seized and put under the seat to make more elbow room. From this moment her spirits drooped. In that bandbox lay her greatest treasure, and now that it was out of sight, a heavy solicitude weighed upon her. Later, at the half-way house we all got out to "stretch ourselves," all except Auntie F.; she would not desert her bandbox. When we mounted again there she sat with her regained bandbox on her knees radiant again with satisfaction. As I got in, she bent over confidentially, and said: "You see it's my new bonnet, to go to meetin' in, and there's no knowin' what might happen to it down there!"

Now that Olga had recovered her doll, and Auntie her bandbox, we were all happy again, until the parting hour at Palenville, where both left us. The child, who put up her rosy face to be kissed, was not more trusting of our entire good will than was Auntie F. when she gave us her friendly hand in farewell. She had no churlish reserves. She was not afraid to show a cordiality which she firmly believed the whole human race entertained towards her. As we drove off, there she stood, the umbrella in one hand, the bandbox in the other, the basket hanging from her arm, the gaudy carpet-

bag close at her feet—her sweet face beaming with smiles as she nodded repeatedly a confiding farewell. We were all sorry to have her go, and every heart was touched into new kindness, I trust, from the simple presence that had been with us for a brief time. We laughed over the bandbox and “cookies,” with a laughter subdued by tenderness, and, while we recalled the simple reminiscences, we had reached the “Clove.” Then came the question whether or not we should reach the top without a breakdown. But we did not. At a steep “pull,” the harness broke, the steeds careered, and the chariot was fast rolling backwards into—Perdition, when Providence interfered, put a stone under the wheels, and “*Nous sommes sauvées !*” we cried, like Napoleon at Moscow. (N. B.—At least, I presume he made this remark—he ought to have done so, if he didn’t.) My dear friend, won’t you arrange to come here for the first week in September? It is so exquisite and glowing here then, and I know some deep draughts of this glorious mountain-air would do you immense good. It is the best of antidotes for malaria. *Du reste,—* I want you so ! Don’t say no. You *must* not. We have some amusing people in this house that I want to describe to you sometime. I cannot help seeing the funny side of things and people, but I see also the pathetic side—indeed the last sometimes so keenly that tears in my eyes check the smile on my lips. Write and tell me all about your dear self—above all, *how* you are. Are you conquering that subtle monster, Malaria, that had its grip on you? Are you happy? Tell me—tell me—do you believe I can ever

amount to anything? ever be of any real use to any one? To-day, I have a feeling—does it ever come to you?—as if I were a kind of waif, had blundered into the wrong planet, and had no place where I was needed, or that another could not better fill. Only a mood, perhaps—but moods are real for the time, and penetrate us with a pregnant significance.

Does *any one* ever reach a complete fulness in living? “More life and fuller, that I want,” is the *cri de l’âme*, and life is a Trinity of knowledge, love and action. We are only satisfied when we are grasping some great truth, or loving utterly, or acting fully.

In the sacred anthology (Mr. Neill gave me a copy), I read this morning—“Preserver from grief, from enmity—from fear—seal of affection, confidence, and joy, is friendship—a little word of two syllables. By whom was this precious gem created? A union of tone, affection is the delight of both eye and heart. It is a precious vase in which we deposit both pleasure and pain.” This is from the Hindu. The book is filled with exquisite thought.

Northampton, Mass., May 28th, 1875.

I am sitting under some noble pine-trees, thinking about you. All about in the fields and woods gleams the sweet appealing color of the delicious spring-time,—the air is penetrating with the blended fragrance of the pine and apple-

blossom. The insurrection of floral life seems a tumult of exuberance and force, and there is a tremulous and tender splendor in the sky that kindles thought into every sweet dream of hope and aspiration.

You will wonder from what Eden I am writing you! I am simply residing for the present in the suburbs of the pretty New England town of Northampton, where I have come for the express purpose of bringing Lulu for a change of air.

After your return from Philadelphia, both of my children were ill, and ten days out of school. May got better, but Lulu continued so unwell, I concluded she must have a change of air, and so brought her here. It was a very inconvenient time to leave (what, with dress-making and house-cleaning!), but I thought it would not do to let the first exhausting summer weather find Lulu in so weak a condition. She is much better now, and I am quite content with the success of my plan. We are staying at a Mrs. Denniston's, where the only boarders are two invalid ladies who seldom appear at table. But, though I have no one to speak to, I have books, and they are better than most people—then Lulu has chickens, a big dog, a small boy, and plenty of wild flowers to amuse her. How little I have seen of you of late, my dear friend! But you have been necessarily so busy and so much away—and somehow I have had the feeling that you had ceased to feel very much interested in me lately! Of course, I intend no reproach—I feel drawn to you with a peculiar yearning, and feel a special love for and need of you. But such feelings frequently find no

response, or at any rate an unequal one, and have to be bridled. I am very loving, and also very proud. Perhaps my impressions have been mistaken. At any rate, you have always been very kind to me, and I shall always be grateful for your good strengthening words. When I love a friend, I give a great deal in tenderness and trust and entire loyalty, and for that reason feel and know that my heart-gift is worth more than most people's who have a less high conception of and capacity for friendship than I.

But, just as in love, the heart yearns towards another, and finds unequal response, so must it be in friendship, I suppose—sometimes. It is sweet to give, though we hide the giving.—I am reading here, with great pleasure, Alfred de Musset's poems, some of which, unlike most French poetry, seem to me to be really poetic. Then I am also reading Matthew Arnold's poems, and Arnold seems to me to write poetry on *second thought*. He is not wholly a poet, but a thinker, who sometimes loses himself on enchanted ground, and is transfigured by the truth. Then I turn to Shelley, and am kindled into a sweet exaltation. His exquisite similes are born of an inmost vitality that must overflow.

(A.)

1875.

My dear Mr. Brownell:

THE day is exquisite. I am sitting under a tree, writing to you. The noble curves of the mountains are drawn against

a sky that is one generous breadth of color and light. The day is full of sweet and sovereign dignity. All the glory of the outer veil of things trembles with some breath behind it, and the tears that spring from a throe of sweet exultation in the gift of life bring me some inexplicable but profound conviction that my soul may dare to claim an immortal and deliberate kinship with the mysterious source of all this wondrous life. Have you not known these "perfect days"—days so imperious with glad beauty that all literal things became symbolic—all symbolic things literal? Putting aside all the husk of theologic controversy, there is the kernel of solid truth in the hunger of the soul for divine things. And divine things are real, and the hope of immortality is real. The struggle of all the ages for improved conditions, this intuitive and profound aspiration of the soul, out of which temples and all forms of majestic and delicate beauty spring, and which rolls its solemn anthem to the wintry skies, these triumphant martyrdoms of men and women who have lived and died for a great idea—are they all but a mirage, a pompous scene shifting above the sand billows of a fruitless life? No, the human soul is not only fit to live, it is unfit to die. It turns from age to age to the Most High, and holds to that Divine substance. Is there not immortality in that recognition, and our answering gratitude?

THE quality I admire most in a man is courage; the quality that most draws and wins me is that still rarer quality,

magnanimity. This claims my adoration beyond all things. When I see a man or woman battling in the face of prejudice for the rights of a race or sex or individual in whose gains he or she has no personal share, I am ready to bow my head in reverence to him or her; for the nature from which such longing and effort are born is noble at the very core. And the most correct and polished person in the world who is incapable of this enthusiasm, that has its root apart from personal gain or ambition, is lacking in nobility.

MEN and women of the finest calibre and abilities fail in worldly success, though in themselves they are noble successes in humanity. What we *are*—the influence breathing from the individual life in which noble aspiration is, and a high ideality which seems to use small ends to personal success—how much subtler, better, more successful at last this power itself than many deeds done and sung abroad!

I THINK I have told you of my unusual admiration of —. Her whole being has affected me as no other woman ever has. She has that rare union of exquisite delicacy and sweetness with intellectual (not only moral) integrity and power, of wide sympathy with deep thought, of emotional susceptibility with mental poise—in short, of imagination with reason—which makes so complete a being one can almost

find a universe in her personality. In the friendship sense, I fell in love with her and was happy in the new emotion. A few days since, in writing to her a note of invitation, I added that I believed in spontaneity and affection, and that I loved her and was delighted to tell her so.

MY idea of a noble human relationship, like friendship, is that it should be so broad as well as deep that its current, like the deep, full flood of a large stream should absorb everything that came into its tide, even weak and ugly things. There should be no "churlish reserves," as Margaret Fuller used to say, no obtrusion of personal vanity, no small offenses, no egotism in small things. This attitude takes off the offensiveness of even large faults, but faults there always are.

THE Hindu was wise when he said, "Show thy friend wherein his fault doth lie, but withhold not from him a knowledge of the power he has over thee by the special quality of his virtue." I know how much empty complimenting there is, and I despise it. But while I believe in perfect sincerity, I think friendship brings the sweet privilege of a trust so deep that the thought that kindles the mind and stirs the heart may dare to utter itself.

OF all English poets I love Shelley the most. Others may be more profound, more powerful, but for me there is in Shelley a personal interest that I feel in no other poet (except Heine, but of a very different kind in him). I know I understand his nature, and that could we have looked into each other's eyes, we should have been fast friends. His burning desire to ameliorate the wrongs of the oppressed, his intense sympathy with human woe, his exquisite sensitiveness to all outward influences, his ideal longing, are all things in which I have a kindred comprehension. He seems to speak to and for me in his uttered words, and behind his uttered words I read still more clearly the depths that never found expression. As to his nature, I think, in some ways, it was simply unsurpassed, and that rarest quality of moral courage which thrills me with admiration he had in a wonderful degree. That gave him the power to be true to himself in the scornful face of all the world. And some day his true history will be written. His personal life, so brave, so yearning, so loving, so misunderstood, holds for me a pathetic interest.

Dobb's Ferry, May 30th, 1876.

Dearest Maria :

I WAS sincerely glad to get your letter from abroad, for I love you, and it is sweet to be remembered by you. But I did not answer it, because I could not write letters last win-

ter. I was not well and I was not in good spirits. I did not want to obtrude upon you a sad mood, and then I had no ideas. I was in a kind of mental torpor—I do not suppose you ever have such moods—(yet, by the way, you don't always answer letters promptly). Last Thursday I came up here to recruit, our good kind friends having taken pity upon me, and invited me from city imprisonment to country freedom. The truth was I had taken a violent cold, and neuralgia took me in its grip and made me lame and lamentable, and I came up here for cure. The country air and kindly influences have helped me ever so much. I am sitting on the piazza now, overlooking the charming view, and have a longing to see you. It would be much nicer if you were here, that we might commune *à deux*, but as it is I must monologue with my pen. When you left the little note at 39 E. 19th street, dear Maria, I was in Rochester. I started on the way to Louisville, got as far as Rochester, was taken ill and had to return, and when I reached home I found your message. I was very much disappointed to have missed you. Oh, Maria, why won't you be here now? I would like to *enthuse* over the loveliness of the spring-time with you. The note of the birds is delicious with gladness, and simply to breathe is a poignant sweetness to the sense. In these sovereign days all the veil of outer things seems to tremble with some divine breath behind it; all literal things become symbolic, all symbolic things literal. Do you ever feel (I do) in these first spring days a yearning after remote, glad regions, untrammelled by the hindrances of mere artificial living? I

don't mean *cultured* living. I approve of the arts, and my taste would demand all exuberance to be balanced by that exquisite thing called reticence. But *natural* living, that is what I want; and I am sometimes tempted to shake off, by a spasm of resolution, all *tournures* (*tournures de phrase* as well as others), and set my bark towards some happy land that beckons from the horizon. We all have a vagrant fibre in us, perhaps, that yearns at times for remote regions. In Sir John Franklin the spasm became a chronic complaint. Doubtless the first desire seized him in the spring-time. In your place I should have become a professor in a foundling hospital, to be surrounded by babies. Having one or two of one's own (and I mean in the sense of having a right to them) is alone better than this. Some day, if ever I should be alone in the world, I am going to adopt some orphan little ones, whom I can *brood*. Is my mania in this regard a mystery to you?

Since I came up here I have been reading a good deal, for not being able to walk I have to sit, and here no interruptions prevent the bent of my love of books. I have been reading the new life of Macaulay, and have enjoyed the delightful inlook it gives into the heart-life of a man. Yet it is singular how emphatic his mental limitations were. He seems to have been incapable of grasping a purely metaphysical problem (so much the better for his peace of mind, perhaps), and he was obtuse to the æsthetic *per se*. His information was as profound and varied as his memory was keen and retentive, and he had a very subtle grasp of prac-

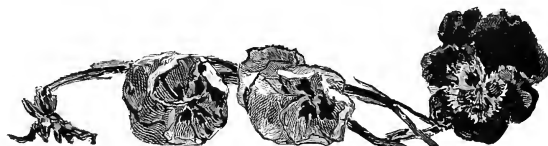
tical questions. Yet with all his grace and finish of literary manner (ought I to say style?), his writings seem to me always sophomoric. I have been re-reading here a good deal of Chaucer with great enjoyment. What an exquisite power he had in narrating the scenery of life! As you read, you are drawn into his delight in the mere pageantry of the actual world. His poetry is refreshing simply from its contrast with modern poetry. It is wholly devoid of self-consciousness—it is the tale of what a healthy man saw through a poet's eye. How charming his descriptions of nature are; his phrases have the pure morning dew on them, and the breath of his muse is fragrant with the clover of the summer fields. Several other authors I have been in delightful quiet perusing as I sit on the piazza—but why introduce old acquaintances to you?

I was very much interested in what you said of French literature in your letter from abroad. Some of the French prose writers have a most fascinating and marked individuality, don't you think so? To me Balzac is a perpetual revelation in the subtlety of psychological study; add Molière and George Sand, and there is my trio of favorites. Which French writer do you most enjoy? What an exquisite world is revealed through literature! I can of late find more enjoyment in books than in music. Music makes me nowadays profoundly sad, and often I exclaim, with the passionate vehemence of Richter: "Away! away! thou but remindest me of unattainable joys!"

Never in my life did I long for the affection of my friends as I do now. I hunger for it with a dependence that fills

my eyes with tears. I long, too unspeakably, to be a real wealth and blessing to my friends, but I can do so little. My limitations seem to grow every day, alas! But the deep desire of the heart is much, and the loyalty in thought and longing and hope and attitude is a great deal—though the opportunity for action comes so seldom. Sometimes I almost wish my friend might be in trouble (only for a moment, though), that I might have the privilege of showing my tenderness and fidelity. This is very selfish—*n'est ce pas?*

Since I came back from Hastings I am still lame (though better) with my late enemy, neuralgia. Sometimes I have to be as stationary as an oyster, yet to be an oyster is not the worst of misfortunes. Poets and philosophers sneer at what they choose to call the dull impassivity of the oyster, as if the secret of happiness lay in perpetual motion. Oysters and cripples know better. They remember that it is the *moving* stone that gathers no moss.









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